

CHRISTIAN CENTURY

Of the Disciples of Christ.

Vol. XVIII

Chicago, Dec. 19, 1901

No. 51.

CHRISTMAS NUMBER

LEADING FEATURES.

*The Measure of the Divine
Love*

*The Coming of Christ the
Fulfillment of Human
Hope*

Stars in the East

Christmas in Strasburg

*Lights and Shadows of
Christmas Day*

Caleb, the Gardener

Published Weekly By THE
CHRISTIAN CENTURY COMPANY
358 Dearborn Street, CHICAGO



A WEEKLY RELIGIOUS, LITERARY AND NEWS MAGAZINE.

Published by

The Christian Century Company,

258 DEARBORN STREET, CHICAGO.

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THE CHRISTIAN CENTURY.

OF THE DISCIPLES OF CHRIST.

Volume XVIII.

Chicago, Ill., December 19, 1901.

Number 51.

PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

During the remainder of December all subscribers to *The Christian Century* may have their time advanced one year by the payment of one dollar. Old subscribers who are paid one year in advance, who will send us one new subscription will have their time advanced three months free.

We are making a number of fine offers in this issue. Look over our columns carefully.

EDITORIAL

Christmas: to thee we owe a vast, vast debt!
O what a dull affair would be the year,
Our weary, wintry, uphill work how drear,
Were not thy half-way house thus blithely set
'Twixt fall and spring, for traveler to forget
Their worst Novembral fogs in thy sweet cheer,
And dream that January's icy spear
Might in thy festal glow drop pointless yet.

J. T. SLINGSBY.

THE MEASURE OF THE DIVINE LOVE.



THE loftiest peak of Christian teaching was reached in the saying of John that "God is love." We do no justice to this saying if we change its form and remain content with "God is loving," or "God loves." We mean to say that love is an essential quality of his being, and a quality so pervasive that it enters into and affects every part of the divine nature. It is a condition of his being. But while we can say this and feel that there is both meaning and truth in it, the peak is too high for us to live there. We must go back nearer to the earth—back to the course of history, to view God's love in actual deeds. It is then that we feel ourselves inspired to our deeds of faith and to our words of praise:

"The love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind."

There are two events in history upon which the doctrine that God loves the world is founded, and through which alone, therefore, the world has come to believe that the very nature of God is love. These are the birth of the babe at Bethlehem and the death of the Son of Man on Calvary. These two are brought together in one saying, which John utters as his proof of the love of God, and therefore of the faith that

God is love. For he says, "God sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins." At Christmas time it is the first part of this double saying upon which our minds and hearts are centered—"God sent his Son."

We need not stay to discuss the problem with which theologians have sometimes troubled themselves, as to whether the incarnation would have occurred if man had not sinned. That discussion has a bearing only indirectly and remotely upon the practical thoughts with which we are at present concerned. The fact is that the world has sinned and that God sent his Son into the world. To the men of ancient times this seemed incredible and even dishonoring to God, because they conceived of nature either as inherently evil or as deeply cursed by man's evil, and of sin as so truly inherent in man's physical nature that God could not share that nature without sharing its sinful contamination. Hence when men were persuaded that the incarnation had taken place, and that Jesus Christ was indeed the Son of God, their incredulity changed into amazement, and their amazement, quickly, into adoring praise and passionate love. The love of God was seen in the bare fact of his willingness to cross the gulf, which they had ever felt impassable, and on the nearer side to fight man's battle with the divine wisdom and energy.

We do not share these ancient views of the evil of matter; but surely we cannot afford to depart from their contention of the sinfulness of the race, and of the hostility of God's very nature to this sin. If we allow our modern view of the sacredness of the world, which is God's workmanship, to creep over and to cover even man's history so that the reality and terribleness of his guilt is blotted out, we are in great danger of being unable to measure God's love. And this danger must lead to that of losing faith in the assertion that God is love. You cannot save the moon by blotting out the sun; nor keep man's dignity if God's mercy is obscured. Love, if it is to prove itself in the most intense and real fashion, must ever cross a gulf—sacrifice belongs to its very heart, sorrow to its life. There may be beings upon whom God's love shines uninterruptedly and without any intervening darkness, but such beings we are not. Whether it be due to a primitive fall from a life of blessedness and holiness, or to an inheritance of animal proclivities, which evolutionary science is laying bare to our eyes, the fact of man's guilt in sin, and therefore of his immeasurable need, remains unchanged. It is in relation to this moral condition and this profound need which it creates that we must look upon the wonder of the incarnation.

There is beauty shining from all sides upon the birth

at Bethlehem. We may regard it as the consummation of a long process of history, in which God had been gradually making possible a more intimate union of himself with his creatures, or we may regard it as the consummation of a process in which creation had been groaning and travailing in pain, striving up to the attainment of the divine. From either view this birth, in which the consummation is attained, and the God-Man enters on history, is a moment whose beauty fills the eye. But we may regard it more personally, as the apostle Paul has taught us to do. We may remember the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, who for our sakes became poor, and the event appears at once immeasurably more attractive to our souls. We remind ourselves then of the glory which he had with the Father and of the marvel implied in his becoming flesh, even in the person of a human babe. The sheen of his act of humanity wears an irresistible charm. But further, had he come only to be a teacher—had he come only to work miracles of entrancing tenderness and purest sympathy—had he come only to show us the radiance of a sinless consciousness, and the unspeakable joy of a life infilled with the very life of God the Father—this condescension would have appeared marvelous indeed, worthy of all the praises of men. He did more, infinitely more, than even all that. He who was in the form of God did, in his human life, not only become obedient, but obedient unto death, yea, even to the death of the Cross.

"It behooved him in all things to be made like unto his brethren"; not only to stand as the peerless Man, the revealed God of nature and of truth, but "that he might be a merciful and faithful high priest in things pertaining to God, to make propitiation for the sins of the people." It is when, once more, we touch that word "sins" that the electric thrill sends its quivering message through our spirits. It is then that the love of God, the love of the Son of God, the love of Jesus, the Man who is God, comes upon us with overwhelming force. He came deliberately, to take upon himself the sin of the world—deliberately to drink with stainless sorrow the bitter dregs of our guilty woe. That Babe in the cradle is therefore, to us of the Christian spirit, and especially to us of the evangelical faith, significant of more than simple babyhood, more than the appearance of the "Christ-man" in history. We gather around that cradle and sing our "*Adeste Fideles*," because in him we see God manifest in the flesh, assuming this helplessness, this dumb dependence upon human kindness as well as upon divine power, because this is the only way to that Cross. As to the birthday of all great men of history, there gathers the memory of their after greatness and their historic achievements, so there gathers to this cradle, for the thoughtful Christian heart, not only the radiant smiles of the purest motherhood in history, but the shadow of the greatest sorrow—the sacrifice of the Son of God.

And yet, let us remember, for us and for him that sacrifice is not gloom, but triumph. "It is finished."

The whole story is long ago complete, and we have learned, alike at Bethlehem and on Calvary, to see in each great deed another of the stages by which God's love fulfilled itself. That love itself, which was then fulfilled, is shining full blaze upon his Church to-day.

THE COMING OF CHRIST THE FULFILLMENT OF HUMAN HOPE.



At the time of the Advent all the world was in a hush of expectancy. It was waiting for some great event. Luke describing the situation in Judea, says, "the people were in expectation." They were looking for the promised Messiah who was to fulfill their national hopes. When Jesus made his appearance John the Baptist sent a delegation of his disciples to him to inquire, "Art thou the Coming One or look we for another?" The hope of a coming deliverer shines out clearly in Jewish history. Plato voiced the same expectation when he said, "We look for a God, or a God-inspired man who will show us our duty and take away the darkness from our eyes."

The deepest desire of man is to know the Invisible. The religious history of the race represents the unending search of man after the unknown God. Now the incarnation of Christ is God's response to man's search. It is God coming to man; God revealing himself to man in the only adequate way. In nature and in providence God had continually been revealing himself, but these forms of revelation were only the dawn before the day. In Christ the divine process of self revelation is completed. When Christ came it was the hour of the world's moral sunrise.

Above the shrine in the temple of Osiris were the words, "Who is he that shall draw aside the veil?" It was implied that man could not do it; for none by searching can find out God. Before God can be known he must unveil himself, he must come forth from his concealment. This he has done in Christ. He has come to man; yea, he has entered into humanity, uniting himself with man in all his upward strugglings, so that henceforth the hope of man is not in his own power of self-development, but in the in-dwelling presence of God. This is the lesson of Christmas. Christmas tells us that God had disclosed himself; that he has come near to man; that he has given himself to us; that he has entered into our human lives for the purpose of redemption.

The hope which prophecy voiced, the hope which led the wise men of the East to the manger at Bethlehem, has been fulfilled. The Advent is an historical fact. The world Deliverer has come; he has come to speak for God, come to show men the right way, come to deliver men from the power of sin. His crowning work is the work of salvation. Christmas does not mark the coming of a great man merely, or of a great teacher, but of a Savior. "Unto you is born this day in the city of David a Savior, who is Christ the Lord"; and in this alone is human expectation met. The burden of sin is heavy. Who can take it away? Who can repair the past? Who can blot out transgression as a thick cloud? The answer to these heart-aching questions is "Behold the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world."

The last painting of Gustave Dore, which is called

"The Vale of Tears," has for its background a valley bleak and bare, overhung with rocks—a type of our earthly life. On the foreground stands a representation of our Lord, winning and attractive, expressive of tenderness and helpfulness. Over his head there is an arch of light symbolic of hope; upon his shoulders there is a cross. Around him are representatives of all classes and nations. All faces are turned wistfully toward him, while with his outstretched hand he beckons them to himself. This picture expresses at once the hope of humanity in Christ and the ability of Christ to meet that hope.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

This is the day of large things. Large fortunes are being made and large gifts are being given. Mrs. Jane L. Stanford has transferred to Leland Stanford, Jr., University property worth approximately \$30,000,000. The gift includes \$18,000,000 in stocks and bonds, all gilt-edge securities, bringing large revenue, and \$12,000,000 in real estate, comprising almost a million acres. What a princely gift! This will probably make the Leland Stanford University the wealthiest educational institution in the world.

Then there is Andrew Carnegie's gift of \$10,000,000 to endow a great university extension organization, under the title of the University of the United States. To handle this munificent benefaction a national board is to be created. The object of this fund is to further the cause of popular education. The national board, which will have its headquarters in Washington, will co-operate with all the universities throughout the country, thus creating something of the nature of an educational trust.

Alongside of these two munificent gifts, the fortune of half a million dollars left to Dartmouth College by Tappan Wentworth appears small. But relatively it is large, and it will provide means for the much-needed enlargement of an institution of learning which has made for itself a noble record for solid and efficient work.

FEDERATION OF MORAL FORCES.

The Milwaukee Ministerial Association of Milwaukee has been making an investigation touching the moral condition of their city. They find that during the past year 1,760 saloon licenses have been granted, or one to every 170 of the population. They also found thirty-two gambling houses running wide open, and in low theaters, concert saloons and palm gardens were witnessed scenes which are not to be described. The city officials were giving to the forces of evil a free rein. Public sentiment has been aroused, and good men have been made to feel that something has to be done to remove temptation from the path of the unwary. Mr. Gladstone said that it is the duty of society to make the practice of virtue as easy, and the practice of vice as difficult, as possible. By our indifference to existing social evils we often do the very opposite.

NO MIDWAY AT THE ST. LOUIS FAIR

It is gratifying to learn that the promoters of the St. Louis World's Fair of 1903 have decided not to have a "Midway." The Midway was a blot upon the Chicago and Buffalo expositions. It had a degrading influence, and did not justify its right to be on the ground of the slight educational value that was claimed

for it. The St. Louis Fair Commissioners are doing a praiseworthy thing in eliminating this feature from the Louisiana Purchase Exposition.

HELP IN STUDY OF SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.

The American Institute of Sacred Literature offers special help to those who are studying the International Sunday School lessons. Beginning with January 1, the International lessons take up the book of Acts, and the Institute has well-planned work covering the same period in courses varying in degree of difficulty from the simple outline courses for general adult classes to the most technical work in Greek. More definitely the courses are: 1. An outline study course for adult classes or for teachers. This course is wholly Biblical. 2. A reading course supplementary to the outline study course. 3. A reading course for ministers, teachers and others desiring more technical work than above. In all these courses special helps appropriate to the subject and to the grade of work are provided. The fee is small. 4. A correspondence course (in English) in which careful work under an instructor is expected, lessons passing back and forth every fortnight. 5. A correspondence course (Greek) in which exhaustive work in the original text may be done under competent direction. For this course a reading knowledge of Greek is required, and for the last two courses a moderate tuition fee. We suggest that any one interested in Bible study for himself and others would do well to look into these schemes. The address of the Institute is Hyde Park, Chicago, Illinois. These courses are all under the direction of the Council of Seventy, of which President John Henry Barrows of Oberlin is president, and President William R. Harper of Chicago, principal.

TEACHING AND INSANITY.

The physical and mental wear and tear of the teaching profession is something which is scarcely appreciated by the patrons of our public schools. A conscientious teacher literally gives herself to her pupils, with the inevitable result that she becomes bankrupt of energy. A contemporary says:

According to the statistics of the state hospital for the insane at Elgin, Ill., contained in the last biennial report, one person in every sixty-six admitted during the last two years has been a school teacher. In that period 660 persons were received at the asylum, ten of them being women teachers. The inquiry into the number of teachers in the state asylums was caused by a statement made by Professor Zimmer of Berlin, who said in a report of investigations in Austria, Switzerland, Russia and Germany he had discovered that in every eighty-five female patients one was a school teacher.

RELIGIOUS BUILDING AT WORLD'S FAIR.

The movement to secure a Religious Building at the St. Louis World's Fair in 1903 is being vigorously prosecuted by the representatives of the various churches in St. Louis. The application of the committee is for a building to be not less than 380 by 460 feet, of an estimated cost of \$400,000. In this building they wish to include all exhibits of a religious nature. It was also stated that there was a general sentiment among church workers against having religious exhibits distributed among the department buildings. Among the exhibits suggested was a collection of the relics of the Vatican, including the tiara of the Pope. The movement for a religious

building is entirely apart from that for a congress of religions.

The Southern Methodist preachers of St. Louis have appointed a committee, composed of Dr. W. F. McMurray, Dr. R. D. Smart, Dr. J. W. Lee, Mr. Sam Kennard and Mr. Murray Carleton, to confer with a like committee appointed by the Methodist Episcopal ministers for the purpose of arranging for the celebration of the two hundredth anniversary of Wesley in connection with the World's Fair. This matter came before the recent Ecumenical Council of Methodism in London, and it was referred to the several branches represented for action.

THE NATION'S WARDS.

The report of Indian Commissioner Jones has in it a rather pessimistic vein with regard to the progress among the Indians during the last thirty or forty years. But he is altogether right in his recommendations that the guardianship which has so long been exercised over the Indians be brought to an end, that they be given land in severalty and that they be put upon an equal footing with the white man. This may involve hardship in individual cases, but it is without doubt the only real solution of the problem.

THE ANTI-CIGARETTE ARMY.

Every victory of the anti-cigarette army is a victory for civilization and the onward and upward progress of the race. This is a mighty movement, and its results will be far-reaching. To save the boyhood of today from the vitiating and devitalizing influence of tobacco is to have a finer, cleaner, and nobler type of manhood in the world's to-morrow. Horace Mann spoke wisely when he said: "Where there is anything growing, one former is worth a thousand reformers." The anti-cigarette agitation is one of the most effective agencies for temperance and good citizenship.

CHICAGO NOTES.

By a vote of sixty-one to three the ordinance wiping out wineroms in saloons, restaurants and hotels has been passed by the City Council.

At a dinner given at the Union League Club by Samuel W. Allerton to sixty guests, all of them prominent in the business and professional world, nearly \$50,000 was subscribed in half an hour as the result of an appeal for funds toward the erection of a home for delinquent boys.

The Zionist movement is said to be increasing in strength in Chicago, and in the West generally. Its object is to create a Jewish state in Palestine and there make a legal home for the Jewish people. The Jewish organizations of the city have sent a delegate to attend the fifth annual Zionistic Congress to be held in Basle, Switzerland, December 26.

In her address before the Chicago Association of Collegiate Alumnae Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer pled for compulsory education, honest administration, and vacation schools. She said that if Milton's Satan had come to Chicago for recruits for the criminal class, he

could not have done a shrewder thing than to close the public schools during July and August.

Dr. H. W. Thomas, late pastor of the People's church, has been deputed by those who are interested in the cause of the Boers to go to South Africa to investigate the condition of the concentration camps. The death rate in these camps has been deplorable, but with improved sanitary arrangements, and the transference of administration from the military to the civil authorities great improvement may be expected. And there is room for it. War is a terrible thing.

In their investigation of child labor in the local factories and workshops the Woman's Club representatives have found many children who are evidently below the age of fourteen, engaged in toilsome labor, while deprived of fresh air and the light of day. Some of them worked fourteen hours a day preparing Christmas toys. It is well for our comfort that we do not know what some of our luxuries cost. But have we a right to take comfort in things which cost the price of involuntary and preventable sacrifice?

A great deal of confusion exists in the public mind with regard to the difference between socialism and anarchy. Sometimes the two are looked upon as identical. In a recent debate in Chicago the issue between the two systems was clearly drawn, the socialists while sympathizing with many of the aims of the anarchists, repudiating their methods. That anarchy is not yet dead was seen in the way in which the name of Czolgosz was cheered. Abraham Isaak, the editor of *The Free Society*, said, "Czolgosz was a better man than I am. I pass misery on the street, go home and write an editorial; he saw misery and could not stand it. He took the life of the man he thought was the cause of it."

The Methodist preachers of the city have been discussing the subject of "Preparation for the Revival." One speaker censured the presiding elders for allowing themselves to be absorbed in the business routine while neglecting the spiritual interests of the church. He said that they ought to spend more time upon their knees, and lead in a spiritual awakening. But does not this apply equally to all preachers? Secular interests are absorbing too much of the time and the energy of the modern preacher. A preacher is a specialist, and he will succeed in his calling just in the measure in which he can say, "This one thing I do."

From the report of the director of the census, just issued, we learn how wonderful has been the growth of Chicago's manufactories during the decade from 1890 to 1900. It seems that whereas the city had in 1890 9,977 manufacturing establishments it now has 19,203, an increase of more than 92 per cent. The capital invested has increased from \$359,739,598 in 1890 to \$534,000,689 in 1900, an advance of more than forty-six per cent, while the total number of wage-earners employed in these industries has increased from 190,621 to 262,609. The value of the products has increased by more than one-third, the production of \$664,567,923 in 1890 having grown to \$888,651,995 in 1900. To keep pace with this rapid enlargement of material interests, on the spiritual side, is not an easy matter. But it must be done or material prosperity will prove the means of corruption and decay.

CONTRIBUTED

THE MEANING OF CHRISTMAS.

God who taught mankind on that first Christmas day
 What 't'was to be a man; to give, not take;
 To serve, not rule; to nourish, not devour;
 To help, not crush; if need, to die, not live.
 O blessed day which gives the eternal lie
 To self, to sense, and all the brute within;
 O come to us amid this war of life,
 To hall and hovel, come; to all who toil
 In senate, shops, or study; and to those
 Who, sundered by the wastes of half a world,
 Ill-warned, and sorely tempted, ever face
 Nature's brute powers and men unmanned to brutes.
 Come to them, blest and blessing, Christmas day.
 Tell them once more the tale of Bethlehem,
 The kneeling shepherds, and the Babe Divine;
 And keep them men indeed, fair Christmas day.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

STARS IN THE EAST.

BY WM. REMFRY HUNT.



HEATHENISM is the night of Asia. The little light there is in any of the best of the pagan systems is as a flickering star. These mythologies, philosophies, and will o' the wisp lights of human creation are set in the rich imagery and gorgeous dress of oriental coloring. They have run their course like a flaming meteor, and shone "for a season," but have left the darkness deeper, blacker and more intense than ever. Milton says of it:

"Black it stood as night,
 Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell."

There has been, however, in the mission and purpose of these partial, ethnic and temporary creeds, some forces in, through, and by which we see the resultant condition in their sad confessions of need. Never in all the ages has man by the compass and scope of human wisdom located God. The speculations of non-Christian peoples are a dirge and a wail. Confucianism gave a high code of ethics with no spirit of power to lend it action. Buddhism created a longing for a saviour, but threw no search light on the gloom. Taoism sought to find the *elixir vitae*, but found a quiescence of doubt. These three prevailing religions in the great Chinese empire stand as three chaste, beautiful and gilded lamps, set high in the throne of the national ideas of worship. There they are, stately, ornate, and exalted, as if ready at a moment's notice to illuminate the arena, but alas, alas, there are only the mere materials, there is neither light, heat, nor response to kindling, for they lack the last and greatest requisite, the touch of divinity—the fire of God to illuminate and regenerate.

It was a remarkable period when, in the sixth century before Christ, there arose the great personalities and forces which adumbrated the dawn of the world's brightest day. In China arose Confucius to set in order the state religion. In India, Shakyamuni Gautama Buddha came, and denouncing the Brahminical system as defective, sought to reform Brahmanism. In Greece, Pythagoras, the father of ancient philoso-

phy, taught in the schools. In Judea, the holy city of Jerusalem was captured, and her sons and daughters made captives. This was the era in which the religion of Jehovah was thrown down, tested, tried and re-established. The genius and character of Jeremiah and Ezekiel made the age unique. The work of Cyrus and the light of the prophets of the exile show the peculiar setting of the historic survey and indicate a great preparatory scheme in the religious instinct of the race.

With regard to the special religions of the Chinese the following analysis may be useful:

CONFUCIANISM.

Confucius, born in China B. C. 551, died B. C. 478. Emblem of state church, dragon. Has had 2,400 years of propagation. Has influenced seventy-five generations of men now in the tomb. Represents atheism.

BUDDHISM.

Buddha, born in India B. C. 620, died B. C. 543. Emblem of worship, image of Buddha. Has had 2,500 years of propagation. Has influenced eighty generations of men now in the tomb. Represents idolatry.

TAOISM.

Taotsz, born in China B. C. 604, disappeared B. C. 524. Emblem of worship, demon. Has had 2,500 years of propagation. Has influenced eighty generations of men now in the tomb. Represents superstition.

At best, these effete, unhistoric and innumerable idolatries are as opaque lanterns. With all their multiple legends, gods, heroes and goblins, they have no basic foundation for their sublime and mystic ideas, and like the baseless fabric of a vision, "live no longer in the faith of reason." Though the aspirations of the Hindoo, Chinese and Arabian teachers are—as compared with the eternal verities of the Christian evidences—mere airy speculations, yet it must be admitted that they have prepared the way, in a measure, for the reception of higher, larger, truer and grander truths of "the Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world."

The general expectation that the long-looked-for Messiah should come into the world was not confined to the Jews. From the time that God gave special revelations to man on the Chaldean plains, and before the heaven-sent impulses and divine communications were imparted to any of these races, man had some divinity in him and though spoiled and marred like an ancient coin, with scarce any of the original likeness upon him, yet he shows in even the most remote and barbaric state, in his arts, religion, myths, gods, longings and confessions of need, that he is apart from God, unregenerate, alien, sinful, hopeless and lost! This is as true of the cultured student of the Zend-Avesta as it is of the rude cannibals of the islands of the South Seas.

Christianity, of all the faiths and philosophies of mankind, alone answers to the longings of the human soul, and unlike the dim guesses of non-Christian literatures and systems, has satisfied the heart and given it peace. The very fact that the heathen world is tired of mere symbol, and is, and has been for so long, asking, "Art Thou He that should come, or look we for another?" is *prima facie* evidence that their own fabled springs have not satisfied the thirst, but have only intensified it and made the call more real, and the need more urgent.

Among the Chinese, Hindoos and Japanese there has been for ages the cherished tradition that the Deity would come on the earth in human form, since the teachings of the sages had been lost and their messages of consolation made unintelligible. This view

was shared by the ancient Tacitus, Suetonius and by Josephus, when the convictions were current that a powerful ruler would come to Judea and dominate the world. Virgil says that "a little child from heaven was looked for who should restore the golden age, take away sin and bring in the millennial era." Confucius, about B. C. 500, prognosticated the imminent advent of a deliverer, and later, sent disciples west in search of the celestial sign. There was a peculiar affinity between the Chinese early ideas of religion and those of the Magi of the Medes and Persians. Star worship was universal. This came from the Babylonians who were the orthodox teachers of the occult natural sciences. When Daniel was president of the "wise men" in Babylon, the Chinese were already initiated into the mysteries of astronomy, navigation, astrology, and medicine. The mythology of the five (holy ones) emperors, Venus, Jupiter, Mars, Mercury, and Saturn, was current as early as B. C. 800, and bears the stamp also of Western origin.

In the year A. D. 68, the first Hindoo missionaries arrived at the capital of China on white horses from Cabul. They were two Brahmin priests. Received with imperial favor, they translated some of their books in the palace. Thirteen years before these men reached China, the first missionaries of the Cross had crossed the Egean sea and entered Europe. They were dismissed and whipped by the Praetors of a Roman colony. Buddhism went east and covered China, and the adjacent countries, with monasteries; while Christianity marched over the imperial highways of the west and dotted Europe with churches.

The Nestorians came to China about the same time as the teachings of Zoroaster became popular, and they had monasteries in the capital. In the seventh century the northern provinces again had visits from the Nestorians from Persia. Their churches flourished at Singanfu in Shansi, which was then the capital of the Tangs. Their religion was of a mere partial and low type, and, like a theatrical seance, it passed off the stage. There is still a stone tablet and some ruins there to tell of their existence. The Nestorians claimed that Zoroaster was a disciple of Jeremiah and that it was from him that he learned about the Messiah. He said 'in the latter days a virgin should conceive, and that as soon as the child was born, a star would appear, blazing at noonday with undiminished lustre. You, my sons,' said the aged seer, 'will perceive its rising before any other nation. Seeing it, follow it, adore the mysterious child, offering gifts with profound humility. He is the Almighty Word which created the heavens.' This prediction was made B. C. 500.

These are some of the lights that have failed. Others are like the star that, having faded out, seems for centuries to emit a little light, because it is so far away that its light takes hundreds of years to reach the earth. So men trusting to these broken systems, preparatory ideas, and shadows of the "good things to come," have lost their way in the meshes of types, symbols, vestments, days, sacrifices, and woe to sleep with the subtle nectar and the fumes of incense, they have been ensnared and allured to the fascinations of mental and moral inertia. This is the spell and charm of heathenism. It is passive, lifeless, dead!

There are, however, some true stars now shining. To these graveyard nations of the earth the voice of the Lord has come, saying, "Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall shine upon thee." China has now had the light of the gos-

pel for a hundred years. But we have sent so little and neglected so much in the great trust committed to us. China is the great Gibraltar of heathen power and influence! When China is a Christian empire we may announce the coming of the "City of God" and the era of universal peace on earth and good will among men. The Chinese church prays in faith and hope for this:

"The soul's dark cottage battered and decayed,
Lies in new light through chinks that time has made."

The destiny of China seals the destiny of the far East. Unevangelized, this mighty, hoary, and troubled empire will be the greatest menace to the spread of the Gospel in Thibet, Mongolia, Manchuria, Corea, and even Japan. China is the paramount power among the swarming millions of this peculiar and needy yellow race. The political, commercial and moral future lies in the course that China will take.

There is light on the horizon. The cataclysm of last year shook the dust from the eyes of the sleeping monster, and there are signs all around us that the dawn of a better day is at hand. The Emperor is showing a spirit of real reform. The *literati* are awakening, and ask for schools teaching western sciences. There are great changes taking place in the court. All that practical science can demonstrate in the exhibition of railroads, telegraphs, steamships and mechanical engines is doing a part of this great civilizing and transforming work. But there is a more magnificent, transcendent and imperial program before the Christian Church today, than the mere civilizing of an empire, or the reinstatement of a stranded state; it is the preaching of the unsearchable riches of Christ among the nations, and witnessing to the mighty energies of the Holy Spirit in the reformation and regeneration of the whole man, through the blood of the eternal covenant, and by the power of God unto the salvation of society, institutions, law, government, education, the bringing to these heathen lands the crowning glory of the Christian economy—a pure home, a sanctified womanhood, the sweetness of child life, a Christmastide, the knowledge of salvation through him who is "the way, the truth, and the life." O China! thou art lone among the nations; when wilt thou see his star?

"Shine on, lone star, the day draws near
When none will shine more fair than thou;
Thou, born and nursed in doubt and fear,
Wilt glitter on Immanuel's brow!

"Shine on, lone star, till earth redeemed,
In dust shall bid its idols fall;
And thousands whom thy radiance beamed,
Shall crown the Savior Lord of all."

Nanking, China.

A CHRISTMAS LEGEND.

Matthew Arnold, in his poem of "Saint Brandan," tells how the saint voyaged northward, and still northward, one stormy winter, until his vessel reached the north pole, and on Christmas eve he saw upon a floating iceberg the figure of a man. He was horrified to discover him to be the traitor Judas, alive and out of hell. But Judas humbly entreated him to listen, and told him how, every Christmas eve, he is released from torment, and mercifully allowed to cool himself among the healing snows and ice of that wintry region. This grace is extended to him because of a small, unrecollected act of charity on his own part when on earth. In Joppa he had once in pity given his cloak to a poor leper to shield him from the heat and the driving sand.

CHRISTMAS IN STRASBURG.

WM. H. WALKER, PH. D.



YOU have all heard of it, have you not—the city of the storks, the great cathedral, and of the wonderful cathedral clock—the city that has belonged to Gauls, Romans, Germans, French and now again belongs to the Germans? It has been more fought over than any city in Germany. It has had a longer history than any other.

It was my fortune to spend two Christmases in that old city. Christmas as we know it is mainly a German festival. St. Nicholas was a German saint. The Christmas tree is a German idea; and, by the way, the oldest mention of a Christmas tree pure and simple, an evergreen tree, "hung with horses cut out of many colored paper, with apples, wafers, whistles, sugar, and so forth," comes from a man who came from somewhere else in Germany to live in Strasburg three hundred years ago, and wrote down the things that were new to him. So plainly, they did not have Christmas trees everywhere in Germany then.

Christmas is in the air long before the day arrives. Down in the Broglieplatz, a long open square, shaded with lime trees, with the palace of the regent on one side and the old theater at one end, two streets of wooden booths are erected. They are slight buildings, open in front save for a table or counter. They are soon filled with Christmas wares. Of course there are dolls in abundance. Some of the girl dolls are dressed in the Alsatian costume, with bright red skirts, black bodices with tinsel shields in front, short, white puffed sleeves and head-dresses of broad black ribbon, tied in a large bow, with the ends falling down the back. Some of the boy dolls are equally gay, but not many, for seldom do the men in Alsace now wear the ancient costume of the country. There are more of the soldier dolls, and soldiers of tin, iron and paper; uhlands and foot soldiers and gunners. There are swords and guns and drums and trumpets and helmets in profusion, for every German boy is to be a soldier, and he begins to play war very early. There are a great many wooden toys, castles, farm yards, with all the farm animals, and some representations of the Savior's birth in the cave at Bethlehem, with Mary and her Baby looking just like a German baby, and Joseph, the ass, the angels, and the wise men besides. Other whole booths sparkle with tinsel ornaments for the Christmas trees. Others are given up to Christmas cakes and cookies.

The goods in the stores are much the same as those in the Broglieplatz, only finer in make. The merchants do not like their Christmas rivals, but the Broglieplatz fair has its interest as all that is left of the great fairs of the middle ages. Then, once or twice a year, there was a great gathering of merchants from all over the empire, and of buyers from all the country round, and there were booths in all the city squares. The Broglieplatz was then the horse fair, and you might have seen Rosa Bonheur's great painting enacted at any hour of the day. Now there is a small horse fair in the spring out near the wall, and this Christmas fair, and that is all.

Something is going on in the homes. German mothers bake very few cakes, and almost no bread, at home. They buy such things at the bakery. As for pies, they are seldom seen in Germany. But every mother has some cherished recipes for making the most

delicious Christmas cookies, and a week or two before the day she makes a great store of them. They are much passed around and sampled among the old folks beforehand, just to compare recipes, you know; but the children get the most of them. The cookies are in the funniest shapes, stars, half moons, shoes, animals, birds, fishes, faces, and even men and women. Of course that makes them taste a great deal nicer. One kind of Christmas cake is made of sugar and almonds, frosted and decorated with candies. It is called the *Martzipan*. It is made in all sizes and at all prices, and every lover buys his sweetheart one for Christmas.

The end of the Broglieplatz down in front of the old theater has been left open and the Christmas shopping has been going on quite a while at the booths, when suddenly that end is filled with a forest of Christmas trees. Their owners are busy setting each one in a little green-painted wooden rack. Everybody must have a Christmas tree. Even the soldiers up in the gloomy barracks—there are twelve to fifteen thousand soldiers in Strasburg, and a dozen or more barracks—try to get one, too. The trees are not meant to be loaded with presents, but just to be things of beauty. They are decorated with candles, balls, bells, stars, "angels' hair," and the Christmas cookies hung with bright colored yarn. On the very tiptop of the tree is an angel with golden wings outspread. When finished the tree is set in the front window, and on Christmas Eve is lighted, while the curtain is left up. One Christmas Eve I had to go clear across the city, and as I looked up at the pyramids of lights in the windows old Strasburg seemed to me a fairy town. The air was, too, musical with Christmas songs. The children are fond of singing:

"O Tannenbaum, O Tannenbaum,
Wie schön sind deine Blätter!"

"O pine tree, O pine tree, how beautiful are thy leaves!" Sometimes they form a ring about the tree and sing about it as the most beautiful of all trees. Another beautiful Christmas song begins, "Silent night! Holy night! Everything sleeps. One alone waits," and another, "O thou joyous, O thou blessed gladness, bringing Christmas time."

Well, the candles are not burned up that night. They are lighted again and again during the week, and then on St. Sylvester's Eve., the last night of the old year, they are lighted for the last time and allowed to burn out. Meanwhile most of the cookies have disappeared. Mother has used them during the week as bribes for good behavior.

There are all sorts of Christmas celebrations before and on the day, but little before the day in the churches. The Sunday school has not made much headway in Germany, and does not figure at such times. I remember a concert in St. Thomas' church the Sunday night before Christmas, at which two huge Christmas trees were lighted.

The children are up bright and early Christmas morning and looking for their presents, which they do not find in stockings, but on the table or under the tree. Then the great bell in the Cathedral tower, that only rings four times a year, rolls out its Christmas greeting in deep mellow tones, and all the other church bells chime in, and men, women and children troop to the churches. After the service the day is given to feasting, and often, I am sorry to say, to drinking. That is the dark side of a German Christmas.

Wilmette, Ill.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF CHRISTMAS DAY.

B. S. WINCHESTER.

SNAP SHOTS WITH A KODAK.



CHRISTMAS day this year dawned bright and glorious, and the balmy air and pure sunlight were so alluring that I concluded to take my camera and try to catch a few pictures showing some of the different ways of celebrating this of all festivals most sacred and joyous. As I strolled down the street with camera under my arm I passed the door of an Episcopal church. The hour of service was fast approaching, and already the entrance was thronged with crowds of well-dressed, happy-looking men and women, dapper young men in their trim, tailor-made suits and close-fitting gloves, blushing and smiling maidens in gay and holiday attire, here and there one whose plainer but neatly fitting clothing and serious face showed that life with her was not all holiday, while just before me passed an aged couple whose silvery locks and tottering steps showed that their earthly pilgrimage must soon be o'er, but who, like Simeon and Anna, wished to pay their homage to the Child of Bethlehem—all these eager faces, shining with the joy of Christmastide and bowing in reverence as the open door was entered and the deep tones of the organ fell upon the ear. This, thought I, is just the picture I want to start with, so, slipping quietly around behind a carriage which had stopped before the door, with as little ceremony as possible, I "pressed the button" and hastened on.

Turning the corner of a business street, I noticed another crowd, and as I drew nearer I saw that they presented a strange contrast to the one I had just left. This one was composed of men, not dressed in fine clothes, with silk hats and long overcoats, but in rough garments, forlorn-looking hats and caps, and without overcoats or gloves. As they stood in line I looked up and saw over the door the sign, "Salvation Army Barracks," and then I remembered that the Salvationists were to give away several hundred Christmas dinners. And then I looked again upon this unkempt, ragged, shivering line of hard-visaged, hungry human beings, jostling one another with grim determination stamped upon their faces, as the odor of hot soup and coffee was wafted out to them. As I looked upon them these words came into my mind: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me." Brushing aside a tear, I slipped across the street and, standing in the shadow of a doorway, caught upon the film this my second Christmas picture.

A little farther on I paused again, this time in front of a saloon. The sidewalk was filled with a curious crowd of idlers, pressing about the door of the saloon, which they were prevented from entering by two or three burly policemen. Over the door was flaunted a gaudy sign, on which were rude attempts to represent overflowing beer-mugs, roast turkey, clams and bottles of wine, among which tempting articles of diet were conspicuously lettered the words: "Free Christmas Lunch all Day. Come in and try a Bottle of Wine!" No one in the crowd seemed to know exactly why the policemen were there, nor why the ambulance was drawn up before the door, but presently one of the men with a star and brass buttons shouted,

"Stand back!" and over the heads of the crowd I saw two men bearing on a stretcher the bleeding, unconscious form of a young man. Feeling sick at heart and scarcely knowing what I did, I pressed the button again, and the sharp "click" told me I had another picture.

I was obliged to hurry on now, for I had been invited to dine in a distant part of the city. Finding it already so late, I concluded not to return home, but set out immediately for the place, taking my camera with me. I was glad I did so, for on the way I passed through a portion of the city in the neighborhood of one of its universities. The car stopped, and there entered several students who seemed to be spending the vacation in town. They were evidently "football men" who had been out for a Christmas game. As my glance fell upon their huge frames, made still more ungainly by their padded football suits, with hair tumbled and faces muddy, I felt a kind of admiration for them, much as one feels in looking at a great ox at some cattle show. Like the ox, too, they seemed quite careless of their surroundings and altogether oblivious of the presence of some score of other persons in the car. Taking advantage of this fact and of the bright sunshine, I contrived to bring my camera to bear upon them without attracting their attention, and soon had them enclosed within its dark sides, together with my other pictures.

By this time I had arrived at my destination and hastened up the steps to scenes quite different from those just witnessed. I was graciously received by the hostess and ushered into the pleasant drawing-room, elegantly furnished with easy chairs and the walls hung with costly pictures. As this was a kind of family Christmas party, and the guests were all well acquainted, we soon fell into a lively conversation and forgot, for the time being, the outside world. And the dinner was all that could be desired. There was the huge turkey, of course, with cranberry sauce, and then came salads and the old-fashioned plum pudding, and oranges and raisins and nuts—all the accompaniments of Christmas and the triumphs of culinary art. And then, after dinner, the bright fire in the grate, about which we all sat and told stories and cracked jokes until the Christmas sun sank low in the heavens. Of course, I could not hope to capture all this in my camera, but as I started homeward after taking leave of the merry company, I managed to catch, in the last rays of the setting sun, a picture of the house, which will recall to me the pleasures of this day.

It had now grown too dark to attempt to take any more pictures, but two scenes which I saw on my way home will always remain associated in my mind with those photographed upon the film of my camera.

One was a street car episode. As I took my seat I soon became conscious of the fumes of whisky, and was for a time unable to determine whence they proceeded. Finally I traced them to the seat opposite, where two poor wrecks of feminine humanity were sitting. Their bleared eyes and thick speech, as they tried to converse together, gave evidence of the kind of Christmas they had spent. Once I overheard the name of him whose birthday Christmas is, but, alas! in the form of an oath! Presently, as the conductor called out "—— street!" they attempted to rise, and half reeled, half fell, into the street amid the jeers and coarse taunts of the idle throng without. Poor, wandering wretches! May God have mercy on them!

The other scene was quite different from this. It had now become quite dark, and as I neared my home

I paused before a window through which the rays of light from many candles streamed. All within was gayety and mirth. There stood the Christmas tree, brilliant with sparkling tinsel and laden with many gifts; drums, dolls, sleds, sleigh-bells, skates, books, slippers, handkerchiefs—something for every member of the family, from grandpapa down to Baby Nell, while "Santa Claus," in long, gray beard and suit of red, was standing in the midst, distributing the Christmas cheer. As I lingered for a moment, fascinated by this happy sight, my mind went back over the day's experiences, and I wondered whether the rough men, waiting for their soup at the Salvation Army quarters, or the young man I saw carried to the ambulance, or those poor, abandoned women had once been happy, innocent children like these that danced in glee before my eyes, and as I thought of the contrast, a prayer went silently up that God might shield these pure souls from the dangers of this evil world.

Chicago, Ill.

CALEB, THE GARDENER.

LEONORA BECK ELLIS.



CALEB'S heart was white and guileless as a child's, but his face was black and middle-aged, with pathos written upon every line of it. We never learned his history until he had made our vegetable garden through many seasons, giving us the earliest peas, the largest potatoes and most perfect tomatoes in the whole village.

One summer morning in our early Bradley days, Ned said:

"Sue, do find out why your ebony gardener invariably prefers his weekly payment in old clothes rather than money. It is so curious that I should like the subject investigated."

But I answered:

"No, Ned. Of course everybody calls Caleb simple-minded, and I must confess that he doesn't seem to have an idea beyond his gardening. But in regard to his feelings, it is different, I believe; he has a dignity that I wouldn't dare affront by prying questions. Besides, since he is a genuine artist in his line of work, our duty is to pay him as he asks, and concede his right to individuality."

"What, harnessing Emerson's theories on our poor gardener, Sue?" Ned asked, teasingly.

The summer days passed, winter came, and our second Bradley spring followed, with Caleb perpetually faithful. Lack what intellect he might, he yet knew perfectly the demands of the soil and vegetable nature in our climate. Each waxing or waning moon laid its duties upon him, and from June to June he never seemed idle. I grew more and more in awe of his garden-wisdom as seasons and issues proved more and more my lack of it. He came to have entire control of our vegetable plats at last, with nothing more than approbation from Ned and me. I learned that he gardened in similar fashion for some of our neighbors at the other end of the village.

When the third summer was over, and cool days demanded heavier clothing, my husband was dismayed to find he had not a single left-over suit to start on. I explained meekly that every garment of his not in regular use had to be paid to Caleb for his steady services.

"But, Sue," he remonstrated, "this will never do. It

would be much more economical for us, and far better for him, to make use of the current coin of the republic in return for his labor. I admit that Caleb is indispensable, but so is my apparel. The price you set upon it, when used as wages, is simply what it may be worth to him,—not the real value. Now, the value to him diminishes, in your estimate, and mine, too, I confess, with each suit paid him: for we have never yet seen him wear a single article of mine; and we know that he has not shrewdness enough to run a second-hand clothing establishment in his shanty out in the woods. Yet the more you are oppressed with the idea that he can have no earthly need for any more of my trousers, coats, and vests, the more you heap them upon him."

"I know it, Ned," I almost sobbed, "and it has worried me until I could not enjoy the strawberries and lettuce. I venture upon a remonstrance now and then, and urge him to take money, since he must already have far too many clothes. But he always answers that he 'druther have some nice britches ur a fine-lookin' hat this time, please, mum.'"

"But tell him, Sue, that your husband needs a few 'britches' and kindred articles, himself. Please worry over me a little, and you'll do Caleb a real kindness in denying him what the poor, half-witted fellow only imagines he needs. If you and he persist longer in the present policy, I shall be driven to invoke the help of the 'ole clo's man' in town."

After that, Caleb continued working and receiving his usual wages. But I kept up an irregular correspondence with my brothers' wives in the city, and Ned often had to bring out mysterious packages which they had sent down to his office for me. As his own clothes ceased to disappear so persistently, he ceased to remonstrate about Caleb's wages, and enjoyment of our magnificent garden products was once more unalloyed.

But there came a sunny autumn morning when my faithful gardener did not appear at the hour appointed. What could it mean? He had been as constant as the sun itself for many years. And yet, that day the ground was ready to the nicest point, the atmosphere soft and humid, the turnip seed demanding immediate planting,—while Caleb came not! In the morning I was uneasy; in the afternoon, anxious; and by Ned's coming in the evening, thoroughly filled with the conviction of some evil to the honest laborer. When I told my husband, he felt as I did, and we at once concluded to walk together to Caleb's hut, a mile and a half away, across fields and woods. We found what we had feared, the faithful negro alone and suffering, upon his rough straw pallet, and with no food in the house except a stale "pone" of cornbread.

There were many weeks of pain for Caleb. We did what we could to make the end peaceful and easy. My husband had a bed and other articles of comfort carried out, and we hired a good old black "mammy" and her husband to nurse the patient. We went each day ourselves, with food prepared at home. At first I carried flowers with me; but a subtle instinct soon told me that there was something else more pleasing to his eyes and soothing to his mind. After that, I frequently placed on the box by his bed a large potato, a cauliflower, or head of cabbage, or hung from the rafter over his bed a festoon of celery, late butter beans or mango peppers. The gleam of satisfaction and triumph that came into his eyes at sight of these fruits of his toil was much better than the mere gratitude which my Marechal Niels and carnations brought, and his gaze would find rest for many hours out of every day on his vegetable trophies.

Just before the end came, I asked him what he was

longing for: I had divined for days that some deep desire was craving fulfillment. He looked at me long in silence, and at last slowly whispered: "Ef you'd only count my britches an' coats an' vestises, so you could tell Roxanny when she come back, how many I had! Ain't this Christmas day? She may come to-night."

With Mammy Lou's help, I took all the garments from the great chest in the corner, and also those hanging layer upon layer in the shed room. We spread them in the winter sunshine outside, and I counted them carefully into heaps. There were years and years of Ned's clothes, then my brother Tom's, then Joe's, and Robert's. There were many others, perhaps from our neighbors at the other side of the village.

When the task was finished, I recited the inventory to the sick man, and his eyes gleamed and shone. When I had done, he asked me please to tell him again. Afterwards, he said it all over slowly, with some help from me, and then lay silent for a long while, with closed eyes. At last he said huskily:

"Mis' Sue, when Roxanny comes, won't you tell her I could er dressed ez good ez Jud?"

I promised that I would, and he closed his eyes again, while I slipped away and walked up and down outside until Ned came. He went softly into the hut, but soon returned to tell me that Caleb had passed to a better world to claim his Christmas gift.

After the burial, we learned from a colored neighbor of our gardener the story of his warped existence. From the earliest of his hard-working years, he had loved a brown damsel, named Roxanna; but when grown she had flouted his affection, having eyes and ears only for a dashing young mulatto who wore good second-hand clothes and gay ties. She soon married this young fellow, Jud Byers, and he carried her off to an adjoining town. Caleb plodded on alone, shrinking now from his own race, and returning always to his hut in the forest as soon as his daily labor was finished.

A year or two later, one stormy Christmas night, he heard a call through the woods and a child's cry. Going out with a torch, he found Roxanna and her baby nearly frozen and starved. She had been deserted by her husband many months before, and ill health had driven her to give up the struggle for support of herself and child. In her desperation, she remembered that there was one true heart in the world, and she mustered strength enough to come to her forsaken lover.

Caleb housed her and the child, and induced an aged female relative to come and take care of them. He, himself, with a delicacy you hardly expect to find in his race, took a steady job in town, boarding there and coming out to the shanty only twice a week, to bring provisions or to cut wood. When mild weather returned Roxanna was strong again, and the child bouncing. She began to talk coquettishly about going off to "chamber-maid fur a hotel" near by; but it was easy for Caleb to dissuade her. In the end, she obtained her freedom from Jud, and, being married to her old lover, went with him next Christmas time to live in a good house in Bradley.

But Caleb's glimpse of happiness was short. Roxanna suddenly gained value in Jud's estimation from belonging to another, and he reappeared before her dazzled eyes, wearing more fashionable clothes and gaudier cravats than before. Caleb worked from daylight until after dark, and he kept her and the child well-dressed and well-fed; but he never looked anything else than shabby and uncouth himself. It was

not long before the poor fellow came home one night to find only an empty house; his wife had run away with Jud. He accepted the fact heart-brokenly but without attempt to alter it; there was no resistance in his nature. He moved back to his hermitage in the woods and over its threshold no guest was ever again invited.

As his trouble unseated his mind, but one idea possessed him; to have more and better clothes than Jud when Roxanna should come back, as she surely must come, he thought, some wild, wet night. He always kept a "fat pine" torch ready to go and seek her when he should hear her call, and had wood piled up to make a great fire to dry her and the baby when they came. And in all the long years there was never a Christmas night when he did not sit up until daylight listening for her call. But Death called before Roxanna, and Caleb's splendid outrivalling of Jud's attire was never to be. He had his Christmas gift in different wise.

After all, Life would be only a sorry thing if there were no overruling Power to ordain fullness in the next world for the emptiness of this.

Atlanta, Ga.

PLEASANTRIES.

"Spell 'chicken,'" said a Paola teacher to a boy in the primary class. "I can't do it, ma'am. I ain't got that far along," said the boy, "but I can spell egg."—*Kansas City Journal*.

"Ma," said a newspaper man's son, "I know why newspaper men call themselves 'we.'" "Why?" "So that the man that doesn't like the article will think there are too many people for him to tackle."

Mamma—"Willie, what did you do with that penny I gave you this morning?" Willie (aged four)—"I gave it to the monkey." Mamma—"And what did he do with it?" Willie—"He put it in his cap, then gave it to his father, who played the organ."

Two laborers set out from Wexford to walk to Dublin. By the time they reached Bray they were very much tired with their journey, and the more so when they were told they were still twelve miles from Dublin. "Be me sowl," said one, after a little thought, "sure, it's but six miles apiece; let us walk on!"

One day in a town where he was to lecture, Mr. Beecher went into a barber's shop to be shaved. The barber, not knowing him, asked him whether he was going to hear Beecher lecture. "I guess so," was the reply. "Well," continued the barber, "if you haven't got a ticket you can't get one. They're all sold, and you'll have to stand." "That's just my luck," said Mr. Beecher. "I always did have to stand when I've heard that man talk."

"My dear brudders an' sisters," remarked the venerable pastor of the only colored church in town, as he carefully cleared the broad table in front of him so that every nickel, cent, and button laid upon it would stand out in startling distinctness, "dere is some of de folks in dis chu'ch gives accawdin' to deir means, an' some accawdin' to deir meanness. Le's not have any of de secon' class heah dis mawnin'!" After which the procession commenced, and everybody reached for his bottom dime.

AT THE CHURCH

OUR PULPIT.

SERMON BY DR. JOSEPH PARKER.

REPORTED BY OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

Prefatory Note.

IT is interesting after having heard preachers on both sides of the Atlantic to notice their similarities and differences as a class and as individuals. On hearing Dr. Joseph Parker of the City Temple, London, lately, I was struck with the resemblance he bears to Dr. Gunsaulus of Chicago. Both these men have a quality which is difficult to describe, but its effect is, that when each is praying, he is not a minister praying for his congregation, he is his congregation praying. The first words they utter take them straight in among their people and there they remain. The gift shows great insight and sympathy and gives a power to prayer. Dr. Joseph Parker, who is always happy in his dissertations on the patriarchs and rulers of Israel, preached last Sunday morning on the thirty-second chapter of Exodus. He has been ill, but seems to have regained his usual vigor. He preached with great force; and running in and out of his prayers and preaching was a golden thread of gentleness of which one feels the aureole of saints is spun and which is the beautiful accompaniment of age. Any account of a sermon of Dr. Parker's must give an impression of somewhat of abruptness. This is largely obviated by his perfect mastery of the art of saying things.

The Sermon.

After reading the first verse of the chapter Dr. Parker said: "And Moses delayed to come down out of the mount." And what wonder! Who would have come down if he could have stayed there? For there God was. In later times men have said, "Let us make three tabernacles on the mount."

How important is one man! If he be away the whole business goes to pieces. There is always a time in the home, in business, in the church, in journalism when the one man is needed. Moses delayed. The people said, "Let us up and make us gods." He was receiving the Lord's hands upon him, he was working for them, writing in their interests, yet they called him "This Moses," and said, The man who brought us up out of the land of Egypt—he is lost in some cloud. We shall never see him again. It is a natural cry. Man must have a god or invent one. He must have a deity or a calf.

We hold our sweetest, greatest blessings delicately and as we loose our hold on them we go down hill at a hundred miles a minute. Hold on. Say "I will not let thee go except thou bless me."

Some men think they can get on without "means of grace." You are not old enough to know those words. In the old times "means of grace" were the openings in heaven through which God poured blessings. How long can a man get on without the sacraments, without church? When are our afflictions but for a moment? When we look, not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen. "We wot

not where Moses is, though he is away working, resting, sleeping for us. Though we know this man has no other object in life than our good and though he is away for our sake—yes, but he is away from us."

And the irreligious religiousness of the people, for there is an irreligious religiousness and an impious piety, impelled them, and they fashioned the calf. And this is just what we would do if God went away, if God turned his back upon us.

And they said, "These be thy gods, O Israel, which brought thee up out of Egypt." And weak Aaron built an altar. Just what we should do now. Growth is a slow process. Without God we have no standing place, we must have a calf. We must have the living God or something made by man's device. The Lord God Almighty—or the calf. It's an awful tumble. But when man tumbles, he tumbles fast. Take care!

"And the Lord said, Go, get thee down; thy people which thou broughtest out of Egypt have corrupted themselves." Everything is known in heaven. We can't have a calf but it is known to him whose eyes make the whole heavens alight with his presence. Many of us have little golden calves carefully graven, which we carry about in our pockets and which we worship. We offer God ten per cent, like Jacob, promise to patronize him for his share in our success. Aaron was a fool. God must have repented that he made him!

So Moses came down from the tabernacle, made of the morning, fashioned of radiant clouds, and seized, as it were, by neck and throat a people who had defied God and corrupted man. And Moses became a priest and made prayers such as no other made until Christ came and taught us to pray. "The mischief of it is the Egyptians will hear of it. They will mock, and I cannot bear it. Remember Egypt is looking on. Remember Abraham and thy promises. Remember thy servants to whom thou swearest by thine own self." And God says, "So be it."

And Joshua, waiting for him, said, "There is a noise of war in the camp." But Moses said, "It is the noise of them that do sing to idols." And he cast out of his hand the tablet that had been graven by the hand of God. And he seized the calf, burnt it in the fire, ground it to powder, strewed it upon the water and gave to the children of Israel to drink. He destroyed it, then argued. We trifle with evil. We say, "Let us inquire into this."

An indifferent world always thinks its leaders mad. I have had occasion to say lately that a man cannot make a fire out of sawdust. We are all made of the same stuff, but some of us are chopped so fine. We are all most decorous. We reason with the devil, are polite with the devil or Appollyon or whatever we call him.

Moses did not temporize. He did not ask, "What is this calf made of?" Oh, that we had a Moses here to-day! We have fallen on ways of carelessness. We have left all this to the Salvation Army and when they sing in the street they offend us.

And then Aaron began to explain matters. "Why," he said, "I put in the ear-rings and the gold into the fire and I was never so surprised in my life as when that calf came out." How ridiculous is the excuse of the sinner, how absurd! As if there could be an excuse for sin. A sinner is not only a criminal, he is a fool, which is worse. Aaron said, "Now, Moses is amenable to reason, and if I make him believe I never expected that calf, he will understand the matter." Aaron never mentioned the graving tools. A man that can make a calf can make any number of excuses.

And we now come face to face with an old habit, that of making excuses in the face of deadliest sins. We say we are going to pray for strength. But we can't pray till we get rid of a thing. My friend, when you get home, take the laudanum, pour it out, stamp on it, and then pray. Whatever it is that you should not take, get it out of the house and then pray.

We talk about reducing quantities. We must grind to powder. We coddle ourselves. That is not God's way. He says, Resist the devil, abhor that which is evil. And there is One to help us. We have One to hold on to. Thou, God, art my only stay and trust. Give me thy name—the benefit of thy name, the assurance of thy help, and then in thy mercy my soul will be delivered.

Each man has his own besetment and each man is hardest on that particular besetment which is not his. When all comes to be known we shall be pitiful one to another, "leaving with meekness his sins to his Savior."

BIBLE SCHOOL.

REVIEW.

Lesson for December 29, 1901.

Golden Text:—If God be for us, who can be against us?—Rom. 8:31.

A CHICAGO TEACHER'S NOTES ON THE LESSON.

ELIAS A. LONG.

Lesson I.—Joseph Sold Into Egypt—Gen. 37: 12-36.

Golden text: The Patriarchs moved with envy.—Acts 7:9.

Topic: Divine Character Building.

Verse topics: 12-14—The Father's Anxiety. 15-17—The Further Search. 18-20—Brethren's Jealousy. (Where love between the brethren should have prevailed for mutual strength and good, envy entered with its fruits of malice, deceit, lying, murderous intent and slavery.) 21, 22—Reuben's Intercession. 23, 24—The Desert Pit. 25—Historical Meanness. 26—A Troubled Conscience. (Judah asks, what profit, if we slay? He seems to think of slavery as being much milder than slaying, but in God's sight sin is not graded as men sometimes calculate. Sin is treason, and like treason against government, not the act but the principle condemns.) 26—A Troubled Conscience. 27—Appalled at Blood. 28—The Sale of Human Flesh. 29—Reuben's Anguish. 30—The Missing Child. 31—Sin Begets Sin. 32—Dreadful Life's Secret. 33, 34—It is My Son's Coat.

Lesson II.—Joseph in Prison—Gen. 39: 20-40:15.

Golden text: But the Lord was.—Gen. 39:21.

Topic: Power of Character.

Verse topics: 20—False Imprisonment. 21—Living by Faith. 22—Advancement. 23—Power of Character. 1—The King's Offenders. 2—The King's Wrath. 3—Distinguished Companions. 4—Further Advancement. (Even in prison all things were working together for good. Rom. 8:20.) 5—Dreams of the Night. 6, 7—Conspicuous Sadness. 8—God's Witness. 9-13—Dream of the Vine. ("Pressed them." The statement is useful in showing that anciently wine was the pure, fresh juice of the grape without fermentation.) 14, 15—Longings in Prison.

Lesson III.—Joseph Exalted—Gen. 41: 38-49

Golden text: Them that honor me.—I Sam. 2:30.

Topic: Pharaoh's Discovery of Joseph.

Verse topic: 38—Wanted, A Great Leader. 39—Fitness Recognized. 40—High appointment. (Joseph's word was to be absolute. Men may be brought to have greater regard for the word of human rulers than for the word of God.) 41—Duties defined. 42—Credentials Needed. (The seal ring was a stamp of personal authority. The credentials from our King, when we are called to "go," are the fruits of the spirit.) 43—The Great Procession. 44—Formal Inauguration. 45—Overcoming Caste. 46—Duties Begun. 47—Bounteous Crops. 48—Royal Granaries. 49—Superabundant Stores.

Lesson IV.—Joseph and His Brethren—Gen. 45: 1-15.

Golden text: Be not overcome.—Rom. 12:21.

Topic: Lesson of Forgiveness.

Verse topics: 1—Joseph's Love Prevails. 2—A Weeping Ruler. 3—The Great Disclosure. (The first shock of Joseph's disclosure was overpowering. Like the guest at the wedding feast, the brethren were unprepared, hence were speechless.) 4—Love's Reconciliation. 5—Forgiveness. (Instead of Joseph being left in the desert pit, a caravan providentially appeared, suggesting the idea of profit, and thus he was saved alive and came to Egypt. But their guilt was none the less because God made the wrath of men to praise him. Ps. 76:10.) 6—The Prediction. 7—"A Great Nation." 8—Giving God Praise. 9—Speed the Gospel. 10—Settlement of Egypt. 11—"The Fatted Calf." 12—Recognition Confirmed. 13—Glorious Story. 14—The Two Brothers. 15—The Silence Broken.

Lesson V.—Death of Joseph—Gen. 50: 13-26.

Golden text: So teach us to number.—Ps. 90:12.

Topic: From Sacrifice to Possession.

Verse topics: 15:15—Frightened Brothers. 16—Message to Throne. 17—Tears of Love. (Tender-hearted Joseph is more ready to forgive than are the brethren to acknowledge their offense. As Joseph wept over his brethren, so Jesus wept over his brethren. Luke 19:41.) 18—The Bowing Sheaves. 19—Vengeance is God's. 20—Salvation from Famine. 21—Fruit of the Spirit. (Joseph with the dim light he had brought forth love and all other fruits of the Spirit. Gal 5:22, 23. Are we doing as well?) 22, 23—Prosperity Prolonged. 24—Kept the Faith. 25—Last Words of Faith. 26—Last Will Recorded.

Lesson VI.—Israel Oppressed in Egypt—Ex. 1: 1-14.

Golden text: God heard their groaning.—Ex. 2:24.

Topic: Growth Into a Nation.

Verse topics: 1-4—Family Roll. 5—Small Beginnings. 6—"Dust Thou Art." 7—Unprecedented Increase. (All the expressions are designed to emphasize the surprising increase from family to clan, to nation in fulfillment of God's special promise to Abraham ages before.) 8—Political Revolution. ("Which knew not Joseph." Forgetfulness easily becomes a great sin. The object of the Lord's Supper is that we may not forget the death of our Savior.) 9—Exciting Race Prejudices. 10—Exaggerated Alarm. 11—Cold-blooded Measures. 12—Fruitless Opposition. 13—Symbol of Sin Service. 14—Fellowship in Suffering.

Lesson VII.—The Childhood of Moses—Ex. 2:1-10

Golden text: Train up a child.—Prov. 22:6.

Topic: Child Training.

Verse topics: 1—God a Shield. 2—Faith Overcometh the World. 3—Desperate Measures. (Faith led the mother to do all she could for her child. God works through the willing hearts and hands of his children.) 4—Wise as Serpent. 5—"Sacred-river Bather." 6—Gentle Deliverer. (Our example was noted for his compassion; how much more should compassion towards the needy be expected of his followers than of this daughter of a cruel pagan. 1 Pet. 3:8.) 7—Fifty Spoken Word. 8—Relieved Hearts. 9—In Royal Presence. 10—Soul Culture.

Lesson VIII.—World's Temperance Lesson—Is. 5: 8-30.

Golden text: Woe unto them.—Is. 5:22.

Topic: Sin in Prosperity.

Verse topics: 8-10—The Idol of Self. 11—Serving the Appetite. 12—God is Forgotten. (All elaborate feasting and drinking tend to God-forgetfulness. Luke 16:19.) 13—Warning Disregarded. 14—Increased Death-rate. 15—Sin the Leveler. 16—Holiness Exalted. 17—Sin's Devastation. 18—Growth of Habit. 19—Defiance of God. 20—Fatal Imposture. 21—Pride's Blindness. 22, 23—Unbridled License. (The drink habit invariably grows by that upon which it feeds. Drinking men are boastful of the amount they can consume.) 24-30—The Result.

Lesson IX.—The Call of Moses—Ex. 3: 1-12.

Golden text: Certainly I will be with thee.—Rom. 3:12.

Topic: God's Call to Duty.

Verse topics. 1—Forty-year Seclusion. 2—Divine Token. (Moses saw more than the bush. His heart long had been trained to see Him "who is invisible," even Christ. Heb. 11:26, 27.) 3—Discerning Signs. 4—Willing Workers. 5—A Holy Cause. (Our religion is to educate us into holiness;

to be filled with the Holy Spirit. Without holiness no man shall see the Lord. Heb. 12:14.) 6—Oral Revelation. 7—The Oppressed Masses. 8—Divine Deliverance. 9—The Pitying Father. 10—God's Choice. 11—Doubting Ability. 12—God With Them.

Lesson X.—Moses and Pharaoh—Ex. 11: 1-10.

Golden text: The Angel of his presence—Is. 63:9.

Topic: The Hardened Heart.

Verse topics: 1—Climax of Severity. 2—Balancing Accounts. 3—Acknowledged Greatness. (The secret of Moses' greatness lay in his heredity; his early training; his vision of the invisible; his thorough Egyptian education and experience; his meekness; his spiritual zeal.) 4—The Fatal Decree. 5—The Sore Judgment. 6—The National Grief. 7—The Lord's Favorites. 8—Universal Homage. 9—Wonders of The Lord. 10—Recapitulation. (The process that was wrought upon Pharaoh's heart is seen to-day in the hardening effects of habits. The conscience becomes "seared as with a hot iron." 1 Tim. 4:2.)

Lesson XI.—The Passover—Ex. 12: 1-17.

Golden text: Christ our passover—I Cor. 5:7.

Topic: The Deliverance of the Lord.

Verse topics: 1, 2—Change of Calendar. 3—All Goshen Stirred. 4—Bond of Fellowship. 5—The Victims. 6—Time for Deliberation. 7—The Human Element. 8-10—Feast of Fellowship. (They were to receive and appropriate what God had provided. So in the Lord's Supper we are to appropriate Christ spiritually. Gal. 2:20.) 11—In Readiness. 12—Pass Through Egypt. 13—Pass Over Israel. (Man not God needed this sign of the blood. The blood is the central idea of all the revelation of God. Man is redeemed thereby, Ep. 1:7; 1 Pet. 1:18; he is justified by blood. Rom. 5:9; cleansed; 1 John 1:7; made spotless. Rev. 7:14. If any are cast off, it is because they have trampled under foot the blood of Christ. Heb. 10:29.) 14—Perpetual Remembrance. 15:17—Form of Observance.

Lesson XII.—Passage of the Red Sea—Ex. 14: 15-27.

Golden text: I will sing unto—Ex. 15:1.

Topic: Divine Deliverance.

Verse topics: 13-14—Command of Faith. 15:18—Prayer of Faith. 19—Prayer Answered. 20—Help of the Helpless. (God's Word now is guide and light to his children, (Ps. 119:105, 130,) but to the unbelieving that word is more or less obscure and terrible. Matt. 13:13; 2 Cor.; 2:16; Jno. 7:17.) 21—Storm and Earthquake. 22—God a Shield. 23—Wild Night March. 24—Consternation at Dawn. (As this cloud to pursuers and the fleeing, so there is a difference between the light of his countenance and the rebuke of his countenance.) 25—Panic in the Sea. 26—Human Agency. (The Egyptians long before had caused the children of Israel to die by casting them into the water. Matt. 7:2.) 27—Morning of Death.

OUR ERROR YOUR GAIN.

Last week the following offer occurred under the caption "Our Christmas Box":

"Our small Sunday schools must not be forgotten. We will help them have new song books for Christmas. Thousands of copies of Christian Melodies have been sold at twenty-five dollars per hundred. We are selling them now at twenty dollars per hundred. Any school sending a club of ten new subscribers to the Christian Century at one dollar each, will receive fifty copies of Christian Melodies as a Christmas gift. Send us ten dollars and we will ship the books to you at once. The names can be sent in later. Better appoint a committee of ten and secure them next Lord's day. Christian Melodies has most of the standard hymns and many new songs. This offer is only good for three weeks. Fifty copies of Christian Melodies free with a club of ten subscribers to the Christian Century."

It was a mistake. It should have read, "Any school sending a club of ten new subscribers at one dollar and fifty cents each." Ten dollars, the regular price of the books, was to accompany the order, and the rest of the money to be sent with the ten names. The mistake was not noticed until the orders began to come in. Sunday schools are quick to see a good bargain. As many schools have already begun a canvass for the

ten new subscribers, and as the offer is only good for one week more, including the present week, we will not recall the offer. Our error is your gain.

FIVE MINUTES' SERMON ON THE GOLDEN TEXT.

PETER AINSLIE.



He who has God, has all things. It is not so much a question whether we have this man or some other man on our side. Have we God? To possess him solves every difficulty. Is it any surprise that David should have said, "Happy is that people whose God is the Lord?" It is not sufficient to know that one is right, but there is all sufficiency to know that God is for us. A thing may be right and yet not expedient, nor wise; consequently all conduct must be measured by what God would like and whether he be for us or against us. If he is for us, the whole matter is settled, for all the world could not harm us. He is a fortress, a shield, a strong tower, an hiding place for perfect safety. If we be in him, men can smite us, but their blows fall upon the Almighty and vengeance belongs unto him and he will repay. The chief thing in life is not to get even with people. It has been said that self-preservation is the first law of nature, but it is not true. Jesus never taught any such principle. If this were a dispensation of justice we would not be. It is a dispensation of mercy and grace. We have to bear, we have to suffer, but the apostle's exhortation was, "let none of you suffer as a murderer, or as a thief or as an evil doer, or as a busy-body in other men's matters; yet if any man suffer as a Christian let him not be ashamed." In his very sufferings God is with him, God is for him, and if patience is developed and trust is made more confident, the suffering was surely a blessing. Has he not already taught us: "If you endure chastening God dealeth with you as with sons, and no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous, nevertheless afterward it yields the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them who are exercised thereby?" You may think that things go strangely with you. You do not understand the circumstances that came into your life yesterday and the day before, but that is of no real concern. Where is God? Is he for you? Then what seemed as clouds are melted away and you lose sight of surrounding circumstances and begin with new interest to think of him who alone can help. All the world is not equal to God. His friendship is first over all others and his companionship is the chiefest in the world. Count all things else as naught beside him. God has the power and the grace and for him to be for us means peace, joy and salvation; such is the golden thought of this text.

Our Father, thou art so close to us and in thee is all safety and joy. We bless thy holy name through all ages. Amen.

The total undeveloped energy of Niagara Falls is estimated by electrical experts to be 8,000,000-horse power.

Naturalists estimate the number of worms in each acre of earth to be 34,000, and they maintain that it is almost impossible to calculate the amount of good done by these creatures.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.

CHARLES BLANCHARD.

NUMBERING OUR DAYS.

Topic December 29, 1901—Ref. Ps. 90: 1-17.



THIS Ninetieth Psalm is called "a prayer of Moses, the man of God." Whether or no it be such, it is altogether worthy. It is one of the majestic Psalms of all the ages of human history, princely yet pathetic. The rhythm of it moves the soul aloft amid the solemnities. It sweeps the spirit like a strain from the heights celestial. And yet it is of the earth, and pathetic as a reminder of the fleeting of the earthly. Standing in the presence of our dead years, and of all the pathetic past, its stately measures strike the dirge of another year—the first of the twentieth century. Yet, through all its majestic stateliness, sounds the note of

Prevailing Faith.

"Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God." Upon this the saints and servants of God have stayed their souls in the hours of conflict. With every passing year, professing themselves to be pilgrims and strangers, they have found strength and assurance in leaning on the everlasting arms. And this is the faith that we need. We need it in our youth as in age. O young men, in the midst of the perils of these modern days, when the strife for position and power, and the mad clamor for commercial supremacy, are drowning the cry of the soul, I beseech you to get anchored in the faith that overcomes the world. To get and to hold are not the chief things. Success is not measured by what a man has, but by what he is, and by what he holds of faith in the future. To be able to say with Moses, the man of God, "The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms"—this is the great thing. To be assured that whatever comes, the everlasting Father and the unchangeable Christ are our refuge and support—these are the supremacies of the soul. To feel that there is none like unto our God, who rideth upon the heavens in our help, is to stay our souls for the conflict of the coming year and of this strenuous century. Brothers, let us believe it, rejoice in it, and be strong!

Numbering Our Days.

It is of little worth that we number our days, unless we apply our hearts unto wisdom. But where shall wisdom be found? And where is the place of understanding? It is the old perplexing problem. Of this much be assured—the wisdom of this world does not make men either wise or happy. The Psalmist of old had learned the true secret of satisfaction, which we seem slow of heart to understand. Here it is: "O satisfy us early with thy mercy; that we may rejoice and be glad all our days." And this is the need of all our lives, and of every day of our lives. The Revised Version gives a most beautiful rendering. O, satisfy us "in the morning" with thy mercy. This makes a most fitting prayer for the beginning of each day. To find his mercy in early life; to rest in the assurance of his almighty love and power, will enable us to rejoice and be glad all our days. And so shall the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us; and so shall he establish the work of our hands upon us. Amen!

A SONG OUT OF SILENCE.

By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

The sweetest song is that
No poet has begun;
The grandest deed, the deed
No hand hath ever done;
The keenest thought, the dream
That cleaves the dying brain;
The wildest joy, the sense
Of a release from pain.

Oh, mad and sweet the song
That I to thee could sing!
And high as hope I'd reach
To do the noblest thing.
May heaven preserve the power
Thou shouldst have waked in me!
Will heaven hold the joy
I could have given thee?
Or is the finest fate
That life or death shall know
The rapture of despair,
The glory of this woe?

To know the dearest words
Unsaid forever be,
Because thou mayst not speak
The least of them to me,
To know not earth nor heaven,
Nor any crimson star,
Can measure losses such
As ours unmeasured are.
To know we would not quench
With any paler wine
The everlasting thirst
That must be mine and thine.

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THE HOME

O silver chiming bells, in the misty Christmas morning
Filling with glad ripples the frost-enlightened air,
What song is it you sing to us,
What tidings that you bring to us,
What burden that the clamors of your changeful cadence
bear?
Do ye still recall the advent of the star-enkindled dawning,
When 'mid flower calm the Lily of old Christendom was
born?

Still hail the domination
In many a land and nation
Of him who opened baby eyes upon the throned morn?
JULIAN BENNANT.

My Little Man.

BY KATHLEEN WATSON.

Chapter VII.

T HAT same night, at a great reception to which I had been bidden, again I met her. She was regally and gloriously beautiful, and in her jewelless shimmering attire was Waldo's bunch of pure pale primroses!

"Tremendous marriages have been proposed to her, I believe, but she has declined them all. Some shadow over her early history, perhaps, disinclination for the bondage—who knows what or why? Yet even so it is. The Princess Tourgenoff is still to be waited for and won!" So I overheard some one say laughingly, and as one who personally had no desire to enter the lists and strive for so fair a prize.

On the grand staircase I saw her for a brief moment alone. She was looking at a picture; suddenly she turned and saw me, too. I answered the dumb inquiry of her eyes and made my way to her.

"Thank you," she said simply; but her voice was scarcely audible, though no one was very near at hand. "Tell me; he will get better—surely, surely—will he not?"

"The day after to-morrow they are to perform an operation on him. I have sought the best advice in London. It seems that it must be done. They hold out every hope for a good result. I will most assuredly let you know. Good night."

"Good night," she said, growing very pale. "I have heard all that you have been to—them; all that you are to him. But I have lost even the right to thank you;" and the hopeless sadness of her voice sent a shiver through me. For the first time in my life I smiled at her.

"You must not say that," I said. "No one calling himself a friend could possibly have done less. It is I who owe them—everything. By the way, there was a message for you—I think, if you will wait, little Waldo shall give it you himself!"

Then we parted. To me she was more of an enigma each time we met. But my joy was very great to know that at last, for Allan's sake, I could think of her with sorrow instead of scorn.

The next day, as I sat with my little boy, I told him that his beautiful lady had worn his primroses at the great house. Knowing his way of taking things to heart, I told him nothing more, as I wished to keep him quiet and free from the least thing of the nature of a surprise or shock on the eve of the day when all his frail measure of strength would be so sorely needed.

"I hope she will be quite happy some day, dear old Neil, don't you?" he said.

A day of flowers and sunshine, of radiance and rejoicing in the outside world, was the day on which they came to bring the relief and remedies of surgery and science to my darling. But for us to whom he was so much, to Barbara and myself and all the members of our little household, the day was dark and heavy with a terrible suspense. In the morning he was singing his gayest songs, feeding the birds, playing with "Dainty," the little Skye, who was never out of his sight, telling me of future plans and the grand things he meant to do. In the afternoon, when the grave, kind doctors came, albeit he wore his very bravest face—"father's face," I used to call it—he put his hand in mine, clung to me curiously, and I could hear the beating of his heart against my own, though of course he knew nothing of what was to come. But, game to death as he would always have proved under any circumstances, yet in the presence of doctors nothing could wholly reassure him. I have since thought that it was perhaps the appellation that frightened him, because of the hideous association connected with the Dr. Vors-trovna of by-gone days.

Thus, in the morning, happy and triumphant; later on, bravely trying to smile with those who, God knows, meant so well by him; in the evening he lay unconscious, in a delirium of fever, on the edge of that terrible line, from whence the slopes lead down so easily and swiftly unto death.

He lay in a quiet room overlooking the gardens at the back of the house. It was a burning night, and the windows were flung wide open to the air. All through the long, black hours, Barbara and I watched over him and listened to his tortured moanings.

He called to the doctors, beseeching them not to take his father from him, promising piteously that he would give them his prettiest books, all his flowers, his goats at home, nay, even his little Dainty, if they would only spare him his father. He then babbled of the elections, begging them not to vote for Dr. Vorstrovna, but for Nell and Nell only; Nell, who was the best fellow in the world, since his own father said so! Then again he was watching the boys at their cricket in the field at home, one moment asking Barbara to take a turn at bowling, the next warning her to keep out of the line of the ball. Then he would implore me to tell him when I thought he would be able to climb the tree which father had found so hard to climb. Would his back soon get better—very, very soon? Then his dear thoughts would soar to the highest heaven, and he would talk familiarly with God and look among the angels for his dearest one. Then it seemed to us who listened in our pain to those sweet, mad babblings, that he wanted some one who was not there, some one whose name he knew not—some one whom father had loved always, always.

Then and there I would have gone for her, but they told me that his only chance lay in utter stillness, that no strange faces might come near him, that before twenty-four hours the crisis would be reached, that even then there would be time enough, although the worst should be declared.

Through all the long, hot day that followed we never left him, Barbara and I. He had his burning little hands clasped tightly about my fingers most of the time. Although he did not know me, he seemed to know if I moved for a moment from his side.

"Nell," he would cry, "dear Nell, if you are going

to find father, you must take me, too—you must take me, too!"

But I knew it was rather he who was going to find his father, and that on that dread journey his little feet must travel all alone.—*The Quiver*.

(To be continued.)

WE AND OUR NEIGHBORS.

A PARLOR CONFERENCE.



"I'm sure I don't know what my talent is," exclaimed one of a group of ladies gathered in the pleasant parlors of a suburban home. "I could better tell what somebody else's talent is."

"You may be helpful to that somebody then, and so each may show the other what to do. Come and let us talk it over, anyway," said the hostess. With this parting word, good-bys were said and the little circle separated.

A week went by and again they met, to resume the subject under discussion.

"Have we any individual talent given us that we can use for the benefit of others?" So ran the wording of the thought that was to occupy their attention.

"As good stewards of the manifold grace of God," read the leader, "even so minister the same one to another." Most of us, I think, are apt to feel that we ordinary people do not possess any special gifts or talents, but don't we make a mistake in our estimate of what a talent is? Have we not each some power, some faculty, something we can use for the good of others, that duly cultivated, may become our talent; in fact, is the gift or grace of which we are made stewards?"

"Better than waiting to discover whether we have any special talent, is to make the best use of our every day capabilities—the little things we do in our homes," said Mrs. Griswold, and Mrs. Jones added: "Do you remember our Sunday school lesson about Dorcas? Evidently her talent was the making of garments, but she was one of the lonely ones and had none of her own to do for, so the poor had the benefit of the one thing she could do well. It was a simple, ordinary thing, but surely it was her talent."

"I envy Dorcas when she woke up and found how deeply they all cared for her, for I imagine she did not realize it while living. We are all apt to leave our gratitude unspoken till it is too late," said Miss Fontaine.

"You have touched there one of the lines which I think our subject embraces. Forgetting to say the kindly appreciative word loses us many a chance for helpfulness. Such a word lightens the burdens and is often an inspiration to further service. I don't see why we are so chary of our words of commendation and appreciation. They do not cost us anything but a little effort to be thoughtful."

"I'm afraid I fail pretty often in that," said Mrs. Somers, with a sigh. "And yet I really think it is a talent—at least it seems so when one notices how much sunshine Mrs. Winton brings to other people just by her way of doing that very thing. And it isn't flattery, either. It's just real, honest appreciation of other people's efforts and taking the trouble to let them know it."

"Yes, indeed," added Winnie Benton, "the other day Grace Stone was quite nervous about reading that paper and felt as if perhaps it wasn't worth much, but Mrs. Winton put out her hand as she passed her and

said, with one of her bright smiles, 'That was a helpful incident you mentioned, Miss Grace. I shall not forget it.' And yesterday when she met Mrs. Stanton at our house she said to her, 'That little visit of yours did my friend good. I hope you will go again and see her.' Both those people were helped and encouraged more than you would imagine."

"A little story I read recently seems to fit our subject," remarked Miss Hood. "In a leper settlement this strange sight may be seen: A man who has feet carrying a man who has hands, but no feet. The man who has feet scratched up the ground with his foot and the man on his back dropped the seed he carried into the ground. We can supplement the defects of others and they ours. I was thinking I who have no children to care for might find my talent was helping some overtaxed mother with her brood, seeing I love the little ones so much."

"And as I like to read aloud, I might read to some one who has no time to read herself or Mary here, who is so handy with her needle, might help her with her sewing, and so give her a chance to read," laughingly added Jessie Lee.

"Some of us have specially sympathetic natures. Have we thought what a talent it is and how constantly we may use it for the help of others?"

"I am glad you mention that," responded Mrs. Dunn, "for recently I have had occasion to know that more people are hungry for sympathy than I ever imagined possible. There are so many around us, wearied and burdened, some with one thing and some with another, and a sympathetic word or deed helps wonderfully."

"I am sure of that, but I want to put in a plea for those who do not seem to need our help in this way. Their burdens are not visible ones, but they are none the less real. They do not need help in the usual ways and yet from force of circumstances, theirs is a solitary way. To all these—and they are more numerous than you would think—let us give a sympathetic friendship."

"It would be following the Master's example," softly said gentle Miss Grace.

PHILO.

THE QUIET HOUR.

(The International Bible Reading Association Daily Readings.)

BY THE REV. ALEXANDER SMELLIE, M. A.

REVIEW.

If God Be for Us, Who Can Be Against Us?—Roman 8: 31.

Monday, December 23rd—Genesis 37: 23-36.



HERE is no pit so deep and darksome that it is not brightened for the believing heart by the presence and the love of God.

Is it sorrow? There are lessons to be learned which only sorrow can teach me. Patience is one of them, and trust is another, and humility is a third, and sympathy for those who are in any tribulation is a fourth. Said Samuel Rutherford, "I never knew, by my nine years' preaching, so much of Christ's love as he hath taught me in Aberdeen, by six months' imprisonment."

Is it conflict? If I had not the battle against temptation and sin, how should I discover the wiliness and persistence of my enemy, and how should I taste the helping and delivering grace of my Lord? "I send you against the foe with six thousand men," Frederick

the Great said to one of his generals. It was found that there were only fifty thousand, and the general complained. "I counted you for ten thousand," Frederick replied. But who shall say for how many my Master counts?

Is it discouragement in work? If there is a cessation of redeeming victories in my service, it should certainly lead me to solemn searchings of heart. But it is no reason for forsaking my task. The only question is, Am I where God would have me to be? I may be a sentry at outpost duty far from the camp; but, if it is his will, it is enough.

Tuesday, December 24th—Genesis 45: 1-15.

Teach me, O Lord, the spirit of the peacemaker.

I would keep peace with others. If I hear of their unkindness, if I find in them some injurious and disparaging word or act, I would pay no heed. It is not easy, for often I take fire at the first spark of reproach. I would learn to speak nothing, write nothing, do nothing, until I have regained the evenness and gentleness of my composure.

And I would restore peace when it has fled. I can do it by a Christian reticence and a watchful silence. Let me never repeat an offensive imputation or retail a hurtful story. I can do it, also, by active reconciliation. Let me win the confidence of those who are at variance. Without precipitancy, without partiality, let me draw them together again.

And I would establish peace between men and God. There is only one mediator; but I may be a laborer with him, a bearer of heaven's sweet and generous pardon to those who need it sorely. "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that publisheth peace!"

Wednesday, December 25th—Isaiah 9: 1-7.

"Christ, the Comforter, was born, and still is born, in winter-tide." In my heart let him have his cradle and nest.

Then I shall be enriched with his salvation. He laid his glory aside, he stooped so low, he came "a weeping babe, all in the cold"—why? That, through weariness and painfulness, and hunger and thirst, and death and shame, he might lift the curse away from me. So it is the dawn of a new morning, the beginning of a happy era, when I trust him. Let it be December outside, it is June within. I am forgiven, accepted, crowned, through his strange humiliation and exceeding grace.

Yes, and then, when he is "new-born my heart within, new-born, dear Babe and little King," I shall be changed into his likeness. His lowliness, his pitifulness, his purity, his love, will have in me their reproduction and their miniature. Men will see the Christ-Child looking out from my eyes, and refining my spirit, and energizing my hands, and making swift and beautiful my laggard and stumbling feet. My pride will be gone. My delight in sin will be crucified. My lukewarmness will be exchanged for a flame of tenderness and zeal.

Thursday, December 26th—Exodus 1: 1-14.

When I am made to "serve with rigour," then is the time for patience to have her perfect work.

Over hostile circumstances let me rise victorious and prevailing. It is with bravery, with manliness, with confidence, that the Christian should contend against the various hindrances and persecutions and temptations which befall him in his conflict with the inward and outward world.

Over men who provoke and persecute let me gain a perpetual triumph. I would be like David with

Shimei; like Job with his sharp-tongued friends; like Stephen, who "heeded not reviling tones," but prayed, "Lay not this sin to their charge;" like Jesus, who made his cross an oratory of intercession for his murderers and foes. Never let me be irritated unduly. Never let me reward resentment with resentment, but evil with good.

Over God's delays—and this is the keenest trial of all—let me be more than a conqueror. I would copy him who refused to let the angel go without the angel's benediction, and Christ himself who pleaded again and again, "If it be possible! If it be possible!" I have need of more unutterable intensity in prayer.

Friday, December 27th—Exodus 2: 1-10.

Let me care wisely and lovingly for the children. Who knows but that a Moses may be hiding among them?

I have been impressed by the number and the tenderness of the references to the little folks in Robert Louis Stevenson's Letters. He carried an observant and gracious heart in him. Thus: "I sometimes hate the children I see on the street—you know what I mean by hate—wish they were somewhere else, and not there to mock me; and sometimes I don't know how to go by them for love of them, especially the very wee ones."

And again, from San Francisco: "My landlord and landlady's little four-year-old child is dying in the house; and O, what he has suffered! The child weighs on me, dear Colvin, I did all I could to help; but all seems little, to the point of crime, when one of these poor innocents lies in misery."

I covet this open eye, this interested mind, this overflowing heart, these ministering and succoring hands.

Saturday, December 28th—Exodus 3: 7-18.

When God is with me, there is nothing too high or too hard. So let me refuse to be depressed by temperament. Perhaps I am predisposed to gloom. But I live in triumph, when my soul stays itself on God.

And let me come away from the sense of indwelling sin. That kills joy and energy at their very roots. This hostile power, this insidious disease, this yoke of bondage, robs me of life and spirit and hope. But my Lord's salvation is mighty to deliver me from the body of death; I will trust in him and not be afraid.

And let me emerge from the shadows cast by trouble and death. If I am a Christian, I am not less sensitive, but more, than other men. Bereavement and sorrow cloud my sky with a thick mist, and death has its own sharp pain. But I will sing my song, "Thanks be to God who giveth me the victory through my Lord Jesus Christ."

Sunday, December 29th—Exodus 14: 19-31.

The same pillar of God which is light to Israel is darkness to Egypt. Does it not remind me how Christ, according as I accept him or refuse him, will be my salvation or my doom?

I may cavil at the mystery and the majesty of his person. Or I may be perplexed by the lowliness and poverty of his human life. Or I may dislike the uncompromising character of his precepts and demands. Or I may pronounce the doctrine that he died in my room and stead too humiliating and too repulsive. Self-righteousness, scepticism and intellectual vanity; worldliness and the devotion of heart and life to temporal success—these forces and motives hinder too many of the lost sheep from trusting and following the Good Shepherd. God in his mercy prevent them from dominating me.

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

A Christmas Story.

ANNIE E. S. BEARD.



CHRISTMAS! Merry Christmas! How the words seem to bring good cheer in their very sound! They make us think of such a crowd of good things. It brings good Santa Claus on his special visit to the young folks, and who is not glad to see him? Then everybody knows the eager delight with which the appearance of the dear old Christmas tree is hailed and the pleasure derived from its unloading. Sleigh rides in the clear, frosty air, merry games and pleasant visits; in short, a general cluster of good things combine to make Christmas a memorable time of the year. But how often does it occur to the minds of the happy ones, that there are in the great city some to whom the good things do not come at Christmas any more than at any other time? Girls and boys, let me tell you of one of the little ones to whom but for the kindness of a stranger, Christmas day would have been no day of rejoicing.

Amidst a group of well-dressed, healthy-looking children, who were gazing into the tempting windows of a toy store, stood a child of nine or ten years. A bright, pretty child, you would have said, if you had seen her in the same circumstances as those around her, but as it was her cheeks were pale and sunken and the blue eyes had a sad and weary look for one so young. Wistfully she gazed at the gaily dressed dolls, the miniature horses and carriages, the brightly painted sleds and the pretty baskets and boxes. As the crowd around her moved away, unconsciously she began talking to herself aloud. "Wouldn't Johnnie like that big horse and wagon! Then he could take mother's work to the store when I'm helping her. And if I could only have that little doll with the blue eyes and curly hair. But Santa Claus didn't come to us last night. I guess he couldn't find us, 'cose it is such a little place, up so many stairs." And with a tired sigh, poor little Susie turned from the tempting window, little heeding how her words had touched the heart of one who stood near, and who now followed her footsteps to "the little place up so many stairs," where the sorrows of a child's life lay hidden.

Leaving the broad highway, Susie Lane turned down a narrow street and from thence into an alley, where a row of tall red houses stood gaunt and grim—houses that, like most of their inhabitants, suggested memories of better days. Entering one of them by the back door, Mrs. Hyde followed Susie up the stairway. Flight after flight she went, until she reached the very top, lingering only sufficiently behind that the child might not perceive her presence. Knocking at the door, it was opened by Susie.

"Can I see your mother, my dear?" inquired Mrs. Hyde.

Mrs. Lane came to the door. "Did you want me, ma'am?"

"Yes, I heard you took in sewing and I want some done."

"Certainly, ma'am; will you please walk in and sit down."

Mrs. Hyde glanced round the room, which though small was neat and clean, but cold, while the floor was bare of any covering whatever. One bedstead stood in

the corner, with only a mattress and old quilt on it. On a little table by the window lay the flannel shirting Mrs. Lane was at work upon. In a chair by the tiny stove sat a boy of five or six years, thin and pale. After a short conversation, during which she learned that the poor woman was a widow, Mrs. Hyde took her leave, promising to send some work. Hurrying home, she found her own children gathered round a blazing fire in the comfortable parlor. "Why, how long you have been, mamma," they cried in chorus.

"Yes, I went further than I intended. How would you like, children, to spend Christmas in a room without any carpet or fire or presents?"

"Oh, mamma, how dreadful! Who was it?"

"A little girl named Susie Lane and her brother Johnnie. I saw her looking into the stores so wistfully, and then, when she thought no one was near, I heard her talking to herself. She thought Santa Claus had not been able to find their home, 'cose it was such a little place, up so many stairs.' Now don't you want to send them some things to make Christmas for them?"

"Oh, yes! What can we do?" they exclaimed, and forthwith commenced their plans.

Two hours after, a boy knocked at Mrs. Lane's door. Her surprise was great as he brought in a big basket and told her friends had sent it as a Christmas present. "It can't be for us; there must be some mistake," said the widow.

"No mistake, ma'am; there's your name on it," and he departed, leaving them all mute with wonder at the unexpected visit. However, the children's curiosity did not allow them to keep quiet long, and they watched with impatience the opening of the basket. Parcel after parcel was taken out and then each was opened. It is impossible to describe the pleasure and delight of Susie and Johnnie, or even Mrs. Lane. If you want to know what it was like, just do the same as the Hydies did and then see if you don't get your own pleasure sweetened in doing it. There were groceries and bread and meat, a shawl for Mrs. Lane and a little red one for Susie; a warm coat and muffler for Johnnie and I don't know how many nice things besides. But Susie's joy was complete, indeed, when last of all came a doll just like the one she had seen in the store, and a horse and wagon for Johnnie.

"Oh, I guess Santa Claus remembered us after he got home, and asked somebody where we lived. That's why it came late. Don't you think so, mother?" said Susie, as she hugged her doll and her eyes danced with delight.

"I think God has been very good to us, dear; let us thank him at once for all these nice things." And the mother knelt, with her children round her, and gave thanks, while the merry boy, who had been bearer of the gifts and who had lingered to look through a window "to see the fun," as he expressed it, crept downstairs with a sobered face, and reaching the street, dashed off home at a boy's usual break-neck speed.

"Well, Charlie, what did they say?" "What did you see?" "Tell us all about it," cried three or four voices at once, as he entered the house.

"Wait a moment, then, till a fellow's got his breath." So Charlie told them all about his visit and was kept answering eager questions for I don't know how long. And they all declared when the day was ended they had enjoyed their own pleasure the more because they knew they had given happiness and a merry Christmas to others.

General Church News

RELIGIOUS WORK IN OUR NEW POSSESSIONS.

The missionary societies of the various religious bodies were not slow to seize the opportunity afforded them in the acquisition by the United States of Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines. A conference was early held in New York city of the representatives of these societies and a tacit agreement arrived at as to the ground to be occupied by the different bodies.

In Cuba.

Seven evangelical societies are now at work in Cuba. More than 2,000 persons are enrolled as members of the churches and over twice this number are in the Sunday schools. Over thirty ordained men are preaching the gospel in Spanish, with their helpers, and a number of ladies are teaching in the schools. In Havana, which has one-sixth of the population of Cuba, there are seven societies at work, Baptist, Congregational, Methodist, Presbyterian, Disciples and Episcopal.

The eastern provinces of Puerto Principe and Santiago de Cuba are the mission field of the American Baptist Home Mission Society, while the western portion of the island is taken by Southern Baptists. The work was begun in Havana in 1883 by Baptists and by 1895 there were 1,000 in the church there. In January, 1899, the first missionary was sent to eastern Cuba, Rev. H. R. Moseley, D. D., who has worked in Mexico and was familiar with the Spanish language. In November, 1899, work was begun at Manzanillo. A native Mexican missionary was appointed pastor of the church in Santiago. At the present time there are now seven Baptist Sunday schools in that city, organized and maintained by the Christian Endeavor Society of the church. There is an average attendance of between 300 and 400 in these schools. The Baptist missionary force in eastern Cuba during the past year has consisted of the General Missionary, Rev. Dr. Moseley, Rev. Teofilo Barocio, pastor in Santiago; Rev. A. B. Carlisle, Guantnamo; Rev. M. Callejo, Manzanillo, and Rev. W. A. Nicholas, La Gloria; I. M. Cabrera, Puerto Principe, and the missionary teachers in Santiago, Miss Anna M. Barkley, Miss Effie Purdy and Miss Elma G. Gowen; 45 members have been added to the churches by baptism, making the total membership 168.

Beginning in Havana the Congregational work has been extended until now services are held in three of the six provinces. The Central church of Havana, Rev. G. L. Todd, has now a membership of 140, with constant ac-

cessions. There are over 130 children in the three Sunday schools, with one Christian Endeavor Sunday school. Preaching services are maintained at two stations in the suburbs, besides those at the chapel in the Prado. In San Antonio de los Baños a most successful work has been initiated. A Cuban pastor has been ordained and installed. Over sixty children are in the Sunday school, and the church has twenty-eight members. At Guana-bacoa another station has been opened; no other evangelical church is at work here. Sixty-eight are in the Sunday school. Rev. A. De Barritt has been at work for a year in Cienfuegos, where three schools are at work, four preaching places, with a night class of fifty persons in the church. Sewing classes for the children, Latin and English for the young people and singing classes find work for all. At two other points occasional services have been held, at one, Guana-jay, a mission is to be established in care of Rev. C. W. Frazer.

The Disciples have sent four missionaries to Havana: L. C. McPherson, Mrs. L. C. McPherson, Melvin Menges, Mrs. Melvin Menges. They are holding services in English and Spanish. At the former the morning congregations average twenty-five and the evening forty, the two being entirely different audiences. The Sunday school has an attendance of twenty-five to forty-five. Fifteen persons have been baptized. The Spanish work will receive more attention, as the language is more fully acquired. A day school has also been opened and taught by Mr. Menges, which has an average attendance of eleven, although twenty-nine have been enrolled.

At Jaruco, in eastern Havana, the Friends are at work. The Episcopalians have a church in Havana and a mission at Matanzas. The Methodist church South carries on work in Cuba, but at present we have no details regarding it.

The Presbyterians have sent Rev. J. Milton Greene, D. D., as superintendent of their missionary work in Havana. Thirty Cuban Christians have just been organized into the First Presbyterian church of Havana. They have been gathered by two years of faithful pioneer work of a Spanish missionary, Rev. Pedro Rioseco. Three other preaching places are now being maintained in the city, each with Sabbath school and two other services weekly. Associated with Dr. Greene will be Mr. Rioseco and Mr. Mazzorana, serving as co-pastors. The latter has newly come to the work and will be supported in it by the Brick church of Rochester, N. Y. There are two lady teachers in Havana also. At Puerto Principe Rev. A. W. Stevenson is missionary pastor, with a native helper.

An Evangelical Union has been organized in Cuba, which will foster in-

terdenominational comity and co-operation.

In our next issue we shall report the work in Porto Rico and the Philippines.

CONFERENCE ON MISSIONARY SOCIETY METHODS.

Indications point to coming changes in the management of the missionary societies of some, if not all, of the denominations. The conference just held by the Baptists in New York is of interest as showing the lines along which such changes may lie.

On the subject of "Co-operation in the Collection of Missionary Offerings," Rev. Dr. C. A. Cook of Bloomfield, N. J., said that there were too many little circles and societies through which church members give in little groups to home and foreign missions.

MISCHIEF MAKER.

A Surprise in Brooklyn.

An adult's food that can save a baby proves itself to be nourishing and easily digested and good for big and little folks. A Brooklyn man says: "When baby was about eleven months old he began to grow thin and pale. This was, at first, attributed to the heat and the fact that his teeth were coming, but, in reality, the poor little thing was starving, his mother's milk not being sufficient nourishment.

"One day after he had cried bitterly for an hour. I suggested that my wife try him on Grape-Nuts. She soaked two teaspoonfuls in a saucer with a little sugar and warm milk. This baby ate so ravenously that she fixed a second which he likewise finished. It was not many days before he forgot all about being nursed, and has since lived almost exclusively on Grape-Nuts. Today the boy is strong and robust, and as cute a mischief-maker as a thirteen months old baby is expected to be.

"We have put before him other foods, but he will have none of them, evidently preferring to stick to that which did him so much good in his time of need—his old friend Grape-Nuts.

"Use this letter any way you wish, for my wife and I can never praise Grape-Nuts enough after the brightness it has brought to our household. These statements can be verified by anyone who wishes to make a visit to our home." F. F. McElroy, 256 So. 3rd St. Brooklyn, N. Y.

Grape-Nuts is not made for a baby food, but experience with thousands of babies shows it to be among the best, if not entirely the best in use. Being a scientific preparation of Nature's grains, it is equally effective as a body and brain builder for grown-ups.

We need co-operation at the base of supplies, so that the church will act as a unit, and as a whole will study missions, work for missions and give to missions. There may be co-operation in the collecting of funds without consolidation of the societies.

The work of the district secretary was discussed. It was asked, Is he to be a collector or an educator? Is it first and principally his business to get a good collection for the society he represents, or is it primarily and chiefly his mission to create interest, inculcate principles, impart information about the work of the society he represents and to secure the active sympathy and co-operation of the pastors and the churches in the wider extension of the kingdom? The problem of co-operation hinges largely on which view we take. If the former, then co-operation will be difficult; if the latter, it becomes simple and feasible. Shall we ever succeed in getting men to put their lives into the work while we are forever appealing to them to only put their money into it? Once they give their lives they will give their money.

It was suggested by Dr. Cook that the Home Mission Society, the Missionary Union and the Publication Society, and perhaps the women's societies, unite in establishing joint agencies or bureaus of missions, these to awaken and foster interest in all the churches in the work of all the societies represented, and to work through the pastors in securing collections. This plan has been tried and found successful in Texas.

An interesting discussion followed Dr. Cook's paper. Dr. Walker of Philadelphia thought that such limitation by agencies would decrease the contributions. Doubt was expressed whether any one man was big enough to take in three or more societies and present impartially the interests of each. Dr. Jutten thought such a plan would do service to the denomination if it should have clearly defined the difference between co-operation and co-ordination. Dr. Morehouse considered it practicable for the societies to have a joint committee on Christian stewardship and on literature and conference, but anything further must depend on the competency of the engineer to plan for the whole country. Others thought the scheme practicable.

Rev. W. C. Bitting, D. D., read a paper upon the question, "What Changes, if Any, Are Desirable and Feasible in Our Denominational Missionary Organizations and Methods?" Five suggestions were made: (1) Terminate existing vested rights of membership only with death of those who have them. (2) Strike out present articles in the constitutions of the three societies defining membership. (3) Insert in the place of that stricken out the same provision for all, an article giving each Baptist district

association the right to elect one person, and one for each 2,000 communicants in its churches, as members of the three societies. Sixteen reasons for this were given. (4) An advisory board of three from each society. (5) The women to be on the same terms as men. Distinctions of sex to be abolished. Free discussion followed this paper also. The boards in joint session gave it consideration. They passed resolutions requesting that these topics be given a place in the program of the anniversary meeting.

CONGREGATIONAL CONVENTION IN GEORGIA.

The state convention representing the ninety-six churches and 4,714 members, met at Macon, November 14-17. The color question in Georgia touching the union of the white and colored churches in one state body seems to be reaching an answer for there were three white delegates present this year. Last year there was but one. Rev. H. H. Proctor of Atlanta was moderator.

The topics and discussions were eminently practical. Three sermons were preached on progressive Christian living. The work of the benevolent societies was ably presented. A permanent committee on church extension was created and a little fund for this work was laid aside by the women, for requests had come from many towns for Congregational churches. Christian education and the need of more effective efforts for youthful criminals were the subjects of addresses.

The women's missionary meeting was a live affair. Special interest is to be taken this year in work for the Porto Ricans. Addresses from representatives of other denominations told what they were doing for missions. Sunday afternoon was devoted to a mass meeting of Endeavorers. At the closing session Sunday night enthusiastic addresses were made on temperance. There was not one minister in the convention addicted to the use of whiskey or tobacco.

BAPTIST CONVENTION IN NORTHERN AND CENTRAL CALIFORNIA.

This annual gathering was in Chico, and a large number of churches was represented. The opening session was a departure from the usual custom. It was a review of Bible lessons by the boys and girls which was well done. Devotional meetings were held each morning, and were well attended. Addresses and reports of committees occupied the days. The Women's Home Mission Society of California occupied an hour. It has voted to affiliate with the Chicago society and hereafter the funds raised by it will pass through the Chicago treasury.

Foreign missions, chapel car work, colportage and Sunday school work had each its representation. Much interest was aroused in a tribe of Indians who for many years have been under the training of Mrs. John Bidwell. There are about seventy in the tribe and she conducts services for them every Sunday. A Sunday school rally was held Sunday afternoon and a union young people's service at 6:30. About 1,000 people gathered in the evening to hear a sermon by Rev. J. George Gibson. The convention was spiritual and educational in its tone. Every evening except Sunday evening a meeting was held on the street preceding the evening session. From three to four hundred people, mostly men, heard the gospel sung and preached that would possibly not have been otherwise reached.

Chicago and Vicinity.

The Fellowship Congregational church, Dr. D. De Long, pastor, is growing steadily, although removals have depleted its force greatly. Lots have been obtained for a church edifice, a portion of which has been constructed. There are over 100 members now in the church and there is a large Sunday school. The pastor was recently presented with gifts testifying the appreciation of his people.

Green Street Congregational church under the pastoral care of Rev. J. D.

SHOOTS AGAIN

Although Coffee Took His Eyesight for Awhile.

A Colorado camp cook had to quit his job because he could not make coffee without drinking it himself and it was killing him. He says he used to take a cup of coffee before he got his breakfast for the men, for he felt the need of keeping up his strength and his stomach troubled him so much.

"Finally," he says, "I got so bad I was taken to the hospital. The doctor told me it was a clear case of coffee poison and if I did not quit I would never get well. I had to quit in the hospital and gradually got a little better, then I took to drinking Postum Food Coffee and took it out with me to a job in the woods.

"I have been using Postum steadily for about eighteen months and have entirely recovered from dyspepsia, and all my old aches and ills. My eyes are so well now that I can see the gun sights as good as anybody, but two years ago I never could hunt because of my eyes. I know it is the quitting of coffee and using Postum that has benefited me. Nobody could have dyspepsia any worse than I had. All my neighbors thought I was going to die, but I am all right now. I have to send thirty-five miles to the city of Trinidad for my Postum but it is worth while." Wm. Green, Burwing, Colorado.

McCord, has morning and evening congregations that fill the house. Between thirty and forty have joined the church during the year, the majority on confession of faith.

The Chicago Baptist Social Union held its last meeting of the year December 3. The principal speaker was Dr. George C. Lorimer. His subject was "The Ethical Message of Jesus." Dr. Henson also spoke, as this was the last meeting at which he would be present as a Chicago pastor. The annual report of the secretary showed a membership of 199, total receipts of \$1,867.16, and an average attendance on the banquets of 300. Officers were elected for next year.

The Highland Park Baptist church has called to its pastorate Rev. Edwin Seldon of Emporia, Kas., who will enter on his new charge January 1. He is president of the Kansas Young People's State Union.

Rev. Donald K. Campbell, who for two years has been in the South Chicago Presbyterian church, will accept a unanimous call to the Presbyterian church at Ottawa, Ill.

The Chicago Congregational Club held its annual forefathers' observances December 16. An address on "An Inherited Responsibility" was delivered by Bishop Charles Edward Cheney, rector of Christ Reformed Episcopal church. Rev. Frank Crane, D. D., of People's church, also delivered an address.

The Englewood Christian church, although the cold was so intense on Sunday, December 15, as to keep many worshippers at home, yet made the good record of raising \$8,500 for a new church building.

During the five years' pastorate of Rev. H. Francis Perry at the Englewood Baptist church 591 members have been received, 326 of them by baptism, and 3,689 pastoral calls were made. In the past three years 9,656 letters and communications were sent out from the study.

Rev. George B. Safford, Ph. D., has announced his acceptance of the call of the Fifty-second Avenue Presbyterian church, and was installed December 15.

The South Side Tabernacle (Presbyterian), will hereafter be known as the South Park church.

The fifteenth annual meeting of the Theological Faculties' Union of Chicago and vicinity was held December 13. Rev. Dr. Eri B. Hulbert, the president, was in the chair. Memorial addresses were delivered on Dr. G. W. Northrup of the divinity school of the University of Chicago and President F. W. Fisk of the Chicago Theological Seminary. The election of officers resulted in the choice of Dr. G. H. Gerberding as president and Ira M. Price as secretary and treasurer. The discussion of the evening was on the subject of "The Decrease in the Number of Students for the Ministry in Our Institutions of Learning," and the pos-

DO YOU GET UP WITH A LAME BACK?

Do You Have Rheumatism? Have You Bladder or Uric Acid Trouble?

Pain or dull ache in the back is unmistakable evidence of kidney trouble. It is Nature's timely warning to show you that the track of health is not clear.

If these danger signals are unheeded, more serious results are sure to follow: Bright's Disease, which is the worst form of kidney trouble, may steal upon you.

The mild and the extraordinary effect of the world-famous kidney and bladder remedy, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. A trial will convince anyone—and you may have a sample bottle free, by mail.

Backache and Urinary Trouble.

Among the many famous investigated cures of Swamp-Root the one we publish this week for the benefit of our readers, speaks in the highest terms of the wonderful curative properties of this great kidney remedy.

Dr. KILMER & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

GENTLEMEN:—When I wrote you last March for a sample bottle of Swamp-Root, my wife was a great sufferer from backache, rheumatism and urinary trouble. After trying the sample bottle, she bought a large bottle here at the drug store. That did her so much good she bought more. The effect of Swamp-Root was wonderful and almost immediate. She has felt no return of the old trouble since.

Oct. 1901.

F. THOMAS,

427 Best St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Lame back is only one symptom of kidney trouble—one of many. Other symptoms showing that you need Swamp-Root are, obliged to pass water often during the day and to get up many times at night; inability to hold your urine, smarting or irritation in passing, brick-dust or sediment in the urine, catarrh of the bladder, uric acid, constant headache, dizziness, sleeplessness, nervousness, irregular heart-beating, rheumatism, bloating, irritability, wornout feeling, lack of ambition, loss of flesh, sallow complexion.

If your water, when allowed to remain undisturbed in a glass or bottle for twenty-four hours, forms a sediment or settling, or has a cloudy appearance, it is evidence that your kidneys and bladder need immediate attention.

In taking Swamp-Root you afford natural help to Nature, for Swamp-Root is the most perfect healer and gentle aid to the kidneys that is known to medical science.

Swamp-Root is the great discovery of Dr. Kilmer, the eminent kidney and bladder specialist. Hospitals use it with wonderful success in both slight and severe cases. Doctors recommend it to their patients and use it in their own families, because they recognize in Swamp-Root the greatest and most successful remedy.

To Prove What SWAMP-ROOT, the Great Kidney, Liver and Bladder Remedy, Will do for YOU, Every Reader of The Christian Century May Have a Sample Bottle Absolutely Free by Mail.

If you have the slightest symptom of kidney or bladder trouble, or if there is a trace of it in your family history, send at once to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., who will gladly send you free by mail immediately, without cost to you, a sample bottle of Swamp-Root and a book of wonderful Swamp-Root testimonials. Be sure to say that you read this generous offer in THE CHRISTIAN CENTURY.

If you are already convinced that Swamp-Root is what you need, you can purchase the regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles at the drug stores. Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y.



sible ways of increasing the number. President C. J. Little of Garrett Biblical Institute, Professor A. C. Zenos of McCormick Seminary and Dr. C. E. Hewitt of the University of Chicago discussed the subject.

Baptist.

A conference in the interest of world-wide evangelization was held December 4-6 at the Park Avenue church, Rochester, N. Y. Eminent men delivered addresses in a spirit of hopefulness and aggressiveness. "Helps and Hindrances to the World Conquest of the Kingdom" were discussed in a number of ten-minute speeches. Dr. O. P. Gifford, among these speakers, mentioned two hindrances: (1) Immigration and the growth of cities distract from foreign work; (2) Men in the ministry lack conviction as to the essential teachings of the faith. The warfare is defensive, not offensive. "The Evangelization of the Foreigners Among Us" was treated by President Merrill, who said we were burdened with too many organizations. "Co-ordination of national societies is not so important as that 90 per cent of our lesser, local societies should die." Also, there must be more positive evangelism. Thursday evening Drs. Gifford and Buttrick delivered addresses, respectively, on "The Press and Its Proper Functions" and "The Education of the Negro." President Strong delivered on Friday an address on "World Missions." Dr. Applegarth of Cambridge, Mass., and Dr. Mable also gave addresses. The Publication Society was discussed by Drs. Seymour and Rowland. The conference closed with a banquet, given by the Rochester Social Union.

During the four years of Dr. Pickard's pastorate at the First church, Cleveland, 380 have been received into membership, about 200 of that number by baptism. The Sunday school during this time, has grown from 334 to 665, with increasing attendance in all departments. The days of small prayer-meeting attendance are past, the chapel often being filled on a Friday night.

Sixty-three persons have been added to the church at Norfolk, Neb., during the first year of Rev. Herbert E. Ryder's pastorate; thirty-four of these were by baptism.

Over 600 persons have joined the Ninth Street church, Cincinnati, during the six years' pastorate of Dr. Warren G. Partridge, D. D., most of them by baptism. Rev. G. Campbell Morgan began a series of meetings in this church December 1, under the auspices of the Evangelical Alliance, of which Dr. Partridge is president. The Ninth Street church gave in free-will offerings over \$1,200 on Thanksgiving Day for its six missions and other departments of work.

The young men's Bible class of the

IT GROWS UPON THEM.

The Praise Hymnal

IT settles the music question satisfactorily as far as the book question is concerned. It is the most economical investment as to music books, for it settles that question for a long term of years, and you have, during the time, *the best* that is to be had.

DEAR BROTHER FILLMORE:—THE PRAISE HYMNAL is the best church music book I have ever seen. We have been using it at Richmond Street, Cincinnati, ever since it came out. Its strength and excellency have grown upon us from the first. To-day we appreciate it more than ever. We have tested, I presume, one-half of its contents, and I believe the other half must be just as good.

Our church is capable of testing the book pretty thoroughly. We have always had a singing church, and at one time had for two years a highly cultured choir-master with a volunteer choir of some thirty voices. This chorister had served many different churches and had used as many different hymnals. He frequently remarked that THE PRAISE HYMNAL was by far the best he had ever seen. He was enthusiastic over it, and took great delight in teaching our choir and congregation its beautiful songs.

The book has been a great blessing to our church. Our Lord's Day services have been dignified by its grand hymns, while our prayer meetings and evangelistic services have been stirred deeply by its effective gospel songs. Its combination of the older classic hymns and modern gospel songs makes it a great book. With us it is the ideal church music book.

I wish also to make especial mention of the Responsive Scripture Readings. We have used these constantly in our Lord's Day services, and frequently at other services. Not only are they a source of instruction, but a great help to devotion. At times our services have been very impressive when the whole congregation have read together as one voice the sublime utterances of Holy Scripture as found in these selections.

If by anything I could say I could induce our churches generally to get THE PRAISE HYMNAL, and use it as it is capable of being used, I would gladly say it. With THE PRAISE HYMNAL on the market there is certainly no excuse for churches being without first-class music.

Cincinnati, November 6, 1901.

JUSTIN N. GREEN.

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40 Bible House, NEW YORK.

THE CHOIR, our monthly anthem journal, is meeting with great success. We are glad to send samples to choir leaders. It wins every time. (7)

Washington Street church, Lynn, Mass., held an open session on Nov. 17, when 800 were present. Three young men were recently baptized from this class, making eighty-six who have united with the church during the past three years from this class.

Congregational.

The new church at Nome, Alaska, was rendered necessary by the growth of the congregation. The edifice was built in twenty-one days. The miners and others gave volunteer labor, for they appreciated what the church had done for them in giving them a reading room and library. With coal at \$50 a ton a warm room to sit in counts for something. After a public offering there was still a deficit of \$200. An ex-saloonkeeper and a Roman Catholic offered to contribute the amount, which was gladly accepted. The building seats 500. The former one is now used as library and reading room. It contains over 1,500 books and periodicals, and is supported by the church at a cost of \$75 per month. The hospital is now self-supporting and is managed by a board of business men.

The First church of Detroit, Mich., Dr. Nehemiah Boynton, pastor, maintains three branches, one in a poor neighborhood, one among the Poles, of whom there are 40,000 in the city, and one in the northern outskirts of Detroit, where a new chapel has just been finished at a cost of \$4,700. The associate pastor, Rev. John W. Sutherland, D. D., has taken charge of this enterprise. Dr. Boynton received 102 new members last year.

The church at La Salle, Ill., has been without a pastor for many months. Indebtedness and general discouragement prevailed. The Illinois Home Missionary Society sent its field secretary, Rev. John H. Wilson, there, the debt of \$1,200 was provided for, with a surplus, and a week of daily meetings followed, resulting in the receiving of forty-nine persons into the church. A "Children-of-Promise" band was gathered, numbering eighty.

The Christian Endeavor Society of South Hadley Falls, Mass., while retaining the name, Y. P. S. C. E., and the essential spirit of its pledge, has shortened and broadened the constitution, thus providing for closer connection with local church work, freedom in worship, simpler organi-

zation and more practical lines of work. A six months' trial under the new regime has revived a decadent society.

A unique "service of recognition of the teachers and officers of the Sunday schools of First church" Hartford, Conn., recently took the place of the usual midweek meeting. An address by the pastor, a prayer of consecration by the assistant pastor, who is also superintendent of the mother school, and other exercises gave dignity to a service every way admirable.

Springfield, Ohio, has chosen a Sunday school superintendent as its mayor and he has appointed another Sunday school superintendent as head of the police force and fire board. The result was the closing of the saloons on Sunday and at certain hours on week nights. Meanwhile the Ministers' Association had arranged for a series of evangelistic meetings. Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman conducted them, preaching clear, convincing sermons that were listened to by many thousands of people. At the same time large meetings were held at the Lagonda Avenue, in another part of the city. Noon meetings at the shops were attended by thousands of appreciative working men. The entire community showed great interest, and at least 400 signed cards. The churches have been greatly stirred and the spirit of Christian fellowship is everywhere manifest.

The Disciples.

We are sending the general edition of the Christian Century to all of our subscribers this week.

The Church of Christ at Buffalo, Kansas, was dedicated under pleasant auspices, all the money necessary to defray the cost of erection being pledged. Members of the choir of the Friends' meeting and the Methodist Episcopal church took part in the song services.

Rev. W. J. Russell has resigned at Rushville, Ind., to accept a call to the East End church, Pittsburg, Pa.

Rev. J. A. Campell reports as the result of one year's work at Graham, Va., on half-time, 302 additions to the church and \$1,752.61 raised for various purposes.

The Fifth Avenue church, Grand Rapids, Mich., was dedicated, Sunday, December 8, C. B. Newnan of Detroit, speaking both morning and evening.

M. M. Davis of Dallas, Texas, speaks of Dr. H. L. Willett's lectures at Waco, Texas, on "New Testament Criticism" and "New Testament Quotations from the Old Testament" as being most helpful and valuable.

At Wichita, Kansas, J. V. Coombs had sixty-seven additions on one Sunday and twenty-four on the next.

One hundred have been added to Central church, Lexington, Ky., within a few weeks.

There are now 729 Christian churches in Indiana.

Rev. C. W. Henry has been appointed superintendent of public instruction for Clay County, Nebraska.

The calls for evangelistic work in the state of Nebraska exceed the capacity of the men in the field. Further help is needed in this line.

Professor C. E. Millard has been very successful in a revival meeting at Moline, Ill.

Bible institutes, reports Rev. W. H. Waggoner, have been better attended and better supported the past year than ever before. He has lectured thirty-four weeks this year on home and foreign missions, in connection with institutes.

The Euclid Avenue church, Cleveland, Ohio, will build a new edifice at a cost of \$75,000.

Methodist.

Thirty thousand dollars of the amount needed to pay the debt on the \$30,000 Methodist church at Pasadena, Cal., was raised at the morning service Sunday, December 8. Bishop Cranston officiated at the dedication.

Wm. Sunday, the well-known evangelist, is assisting Dr. De Loss M. Tompkins in a very successful revival in the M. E. church of Belvidere, Ill.

A successful two-weeks' meeting at Hillsdale, Central Illinois conference, closed Nov. 24 with about thirty conversions. Rev. A. Sturgeon, evangelist, assisted the pastor, J. P. McCormick. The church was greatly quickened.

Special meetings of three weeks' duration have just closed at Mt. Ayr, Ia., Rev. P. V. D. Vedder, pastor, resulting in twenty-eight conversions. Twenty-five united with the church and others will follow. The pastor was assisted by Evangelist D. W. McGregor of Omaha, Neb.

Rev. Frank O. Fraley of Flora, Ind., is having a revival in his church. So far about thirty have professed conversion and twenty-two have united with the church.

Fifty-seven in the First church, Wamego, Kas., have announced their decision to follow Christ. Most of the converts are from the Sunday school. Twelve have united with the church and others will follow. The pastor, Rev. J. B. Bollman, was his own evangelist.

Presbyterian.

Special meetings on evangelistic work have been held in St. Louis, the afternoon being given specially to prayer and the evening to addresses.

A course of free Saturday night concerts is being given at the Markham Memorial church, St. Louis. The best musical talent in the city have volunteered their services, and large audiences of workmen and their families are appreciating the good

music. It is proposed to continue the concerts throughout the winter. Seventy-two girls and young women are receiving weekly lessons in cooking and household economics, under the direction of a trained teacher.

Several of the Detroit churches have held series of special meetings and about a dozen outside the city are now holding special services. The evangelistic spirit is spreading. At

I Will Cure You of Rheumatism

NO PAY UNTIL YOU KNOW IT.

After 2,000 experiments, I have learned how to cure Rheumatism. Not to turn bony joints into flesh again; that is impossible. But I can cure the disease always, at any stage, and forever.

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I have no samples. Any medicine that can affect rheumatism with but a few doses must be drugged to the verge of danger. I use no such drugs. It is folly to take them. You must get the disease out of the blood.

My remedy does that, even in the most difficult, obstinate cases. No matter how impossible this seems to you, I know it and I take this risk. I have cured tens of thousands of cases in this way, and my records show that 39 out of 40 who get those six bottles pay, and gladly. I have learned that people in general are honest with a physician who cures them. That is all I ask. If I fail I don't expect a penny from you.

Simply write me a postal card or letter. Let me send you an order for the medicine; also a book. Take it for a month, for it won't harm you anyway. If it cures, pay \$5.50. I leave that entirely to you. Address Dr. Shoop, Box 536, Racine, Wis.

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the last communion service twelve of the city churches received 119 new members, sixty-eight on confessions.

It is hoped shortly to organize an Italian Presbyterian church in Detroit. There are now some forty converts in the mission.

The First church, Minneapolis, Rev. J. B. Helwig, D. D. pastor, is rejoicing in freedom from debt, \$16,347 having been raised since January 1, 1900. Mrs. Vanderburg, whose liberality largely helped towards this release, has presented a very desirable residence to the church for a manse.

At Menominee, Mich., Rev. A. C. V. Skinner received twenty-four new members into the church; in two cases entire families united.

Thirty-one members have been added to the Hope church of Joliet since the coming of the new pastor, Rev. D. T. Robertson, Ph. D., in the latter part of last October. Of these, twenty-seven were welcomed at the December communion.

General.

Plymouth Congregational church, Indianapolis, united with the Hebrew Temple congregation in Thanksgiving services, Rabbi Messing and Rev. H. C. Meserve participating.

Four churches in Indianapolis held union services for two weeks in People's church. They were well attended and nearly 100 cards were received from those desirous of religious help and guidance.

In Franklin county, Maine, there are two Congregational churches and two Free Baptist churches. Each couple had one minister between them, involving a long ride for the pastor between morning and afternoon services. An interesting experiment in church union is now being made. One Congregational church and its near Free Baptist neighbor are to be under the pastoral care of the Congregational minister, and the other two are to be in charge of the Free Baptist pastor. This arrangement gives an entire township with three little church organizations to the pastoral care of one minister.

The St. Louis Young Men's Christian association received 355 new members at the Central branch during the past month, this being the largest number received during any month in its history.

Dr. L. W. Munhall has just concluded an evangelistic campaign in Dallas, Texas, in which twenty churches united. Among the meetings held were four for men only. Fully 12,000 men were present at these four meetings. More than 1,000 of these arose for prayers, and 400 of them accepted and confessed Jesus as Saviour and Lord.

Foreign Missionary Items.

The spirit of co-operation is increasing on the mission fields. The

Church Missionary Training School for Teachers at Krishnagar, India, and the Ahmednagar Theological Seminary of the American Board's Marathi Mission have recently let down sectarian barriers, both offering to receive students from other missions, who will be taught without tuition fees being charged. More than that, representatives of other evangelical missions in western India have been invited to send representatives to the board of trustees of the theological seminary.

From Taiku, Korea's newest station, Mr. and Mrs. Adams write: "Owing to our limited number, also reduced by sickness, and the building operations, not much itineration has been done. Five new groups have developed during the year. They are widely scattered. These groups have all suffered for lack of supervision and instruction, but in all Sunday is fairly observed; they gather for worship, and have a regular system of collection. An afternoon class for girls has been started, with some encouraging results. Fourteen girls under fifteen years of age attend regu-

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larly, learning to read, write and sing. They study the lessons at home and show much eagerness to learn. From the first of January, a Bible class was held for the country Christians, continuing through ten days. A graded course of study was followed out, including studies in the life of Christ, a course through the Gospel of Luke, topical studies, and Old Testament stories. In all there was an attendance upon this class of about fifteen, though not this number all at one time. A number of men came in whom we had not met before and at the close of the class eleven catechumens were received. The women attend the Sunday services quite well, and seem prone to stay when they are over, so that after-meetings are held as we have opportunity, and the ladies answer their many questions in regard to the doctrine taught. Sometimes they come as they did when Christ was here upon earth, with the plea that they are sick, and asking what they must do to believe and be healed. One woman not long since wanted to be taught how to pray, and, with hands folded and throwing herself prostrate, repeated over and over, 'I believe God. I believe Jesus.'

The female department of Euphrates College at Harpoot, Turkey, closed its year's work with the joyful occasion of the dedication of the new college buildings. In the college and lower schools last year 453 girls were registered, with representatives from 75 cities and villages; 64 girls and teachers were in the boarding department. Much inconvenience was experienced from the crowded quarters, but the coming year, the work will be easier with the light, airy, commodious college. During the winter there was a deepening of the spiritual life of the girls. Many formed themselves into bands to work and pray for the salvation of others. As early as June last, applications begun to come in for admission to the college, and girls are expected from distant cities. Some of the most hopeful and spiritual of the orphans are to be admitted to the boarding department in order that they may have every opportunity for training to prepare them to become teachers. Miss Platt expects to open her kindergarten, in connection with which she plans to have a training class.

From the annual report by Mr. Stover of work at the Bailundu station in the West African Mission: 'About the middle of March a school was organized at the outstation of Ulika, with a native teacher in charge. A young man residing in the

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village, who had made profession of Christianity during the week of prayer, had been collecting the children and others and giving them such instruction as he could, which was very little, as he himself could barely read the Gospel of John. It seemed best, therefore, to give those who wished to learn a better opportunity to do so. The house built by this young man after the fashion of those built on the mission premises served admirably as a school house. And instead of the children of that one village, there now attend this school all the young people of the district, some of them going a mile or more and starting at sunrise. There are over eighty names enrolled. The teachers who go out to these village schools receive the same wages as when at work on the station, four yards of cloth a week. There has been a large increase in the number attending these religious services and in the area represented. People come from villages seven and eight miles distant and have been quite regular and prompt, notwithstanding the services begin at the unfashionable hour of 9:30. Only twice has the attendance been less than 300 and in both cases there was heavy rain. There is also a marked change in the attitude of the congregation. All who are old enough to understand have come to realize that they are there to listen to what is said. Sleeping,

playing and running out are discounted by all. Even the women pay good attention and can give, when questioned, a fair account of the sermon for the day."

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BOOKS

The Apostles of the Southeast. By Frank T. Bullen. D. Appleton & Co., New York. Price \$1.50.

The Apostles of the Southeast are the mission workers in Rotherhithe, in the Southeast of London. Their work among the flotsam and jetsam of the city life is graphically described. Mr. Bullen has the command of a wonderfully clear and picturesque style. His sea stories are charming, and have placed him among the foremost writers of the day. The salt sea breezes blow through them, and the pictures he draws of sea life, especially of the man before the mast, abide in the memory. He has done not a little to let in the light upon the hard lot of the British sailor and to set in motion influences that have led to its amelioration. In this book he relates his experiences in one of the London slums. He shows the lights and shadows in the lives of the poor. His pictures, which are drawn from real life, are replete with human interest, and while they reveal the squalor and vice of city slums, they show the working of forces which are making for social betterment and thus awaken hope regarding the future. The book is as wholesome as it is stimulating and interesting.

Time and Chance: A Romance and a History; being the Story of the Life of a Man. By Elbert Hubbard. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

This is more than the story of the life of a man. It is the history of a movement which was perhaps the greatest moral movement that ever convulsed a nation. Out of this movement heroes were born. And chief among them was the hero of this tale, John Brown of Harper's Ferry. The anti-slavery movement is here traced from its inception to the quixotic attempt of John Brown to free the slaves, which led to his death. The story shifts with the migrations of its chief character from Connecticut to the Western Reserve of Ohio, and from there to the new territory of Kansas, and it depicts with a graphic hand the manners of these early pioneer days. The reader has the conviction pressed upon him that the author must surely be writing from a personal knowledge of many of the things which he relates. The working of the underground railroad and the conflict of political parties in Kansas are particularly well described. And while something of the glamor of romance may have been thrown around the character of John Brown, yet the picture of him which has been drawn is substantially that which is coming to be accepted as the true representation of the man. An enthusiast, a dreamer? Yes, but also a pure, lofty-minded man with a deep religious motive, and with a singleness

of purpose that went straight to its end, uncaring for consequences. Scattered over the pages of the book are sallies of wit and bits of home-spun philosophy such as we might expect to find dropping from the pen of the editor of the *Philistine*.

Life Everlasting. By John Fiske. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. Price, \$1 net.

This little volume of eighty-seven pages of large type is not to be estimated by its size. It is multum in parvo. Those who have read Professor Fiske's preceding volumes on "The Idea of God," "The Destiny of Man" and "Through Nature to God," will be prepared to welcome this volume as the attempt of a philosophic evolutionist to put the cope-stone upon his argument in behalf of the unseen, the supernatural and the eternal. He sets out to consider "the supreme achievement of man—his belief in his own immortality—in the light of our modern studies of evolution," and concludes his argument by affirming that "a patient study of evolution is likely soon to supply the basis for a natural theology more comprehensive, more profound, and more hopeful than could formerly have been imagined. The nineteenth century has borne the brunt, the twentieth will reap the fruition." We lay down this little treatise with a profound admiration for its restrained statement, its lucid style and its spiritual aspiration after a ground of hope in the immortal life outside of the domain of scientific demonstration. There is a touch of pathos in the thought that this was the final message of a master mind to

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whom the growing vision was coming.

The Spinster Book. By Myrte Reed. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. Price \$1.50 net.

This book has a spicy quality. It treats hackneyed themes in an un-hackneyed manner. Its table of contents is as follows: Notes on Men; Concerning Women; The Philosophy of Love; The Lost Art of Courtship; The Natural History of Proposals; Love Letters, Old and New; An Inquiry into Marriage; The Physiology of Vanity; Widows and Widowers; The Consolations of Spinsterhood. All of these themes are touched upon in a sprightly, pleasant way, and the practical hints which are strewn all over the book are not made too obtrusive.

Lyrics of Love, of Hearth and Home and Field and Garden. By Margaret E. Sangster. Fleming H. Revell Co. Price \$1.25 net.

Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster has so firmly established herself in favor by the writings in which she has revealed her thoughts to us, that the imprint of her name as author of a new book is at once its best introduction and recommendation. She has a way of reaching hearts and coming close to her readers by her tender touches and revelations of the inner life and love of the home. She links together most beautifully our humanities and divinities. Some of the lyrics in the volume before us have been published before in certain periodicals, but many make here their first appearance in public. The author hopes they may "slip into our busy mornings and quiet evenings with a message of comfort and cheer. They are songs of the nest and the home, songs of the way and the inn, songs of love and fidelity and the eternal peace." "They are home verses for home folk." The publishers have given them a dainty setting, exceedingly appropriate to the quiet beauty of the themes around which the author weaves her melodies. Those to whom home love and true friendship are dear will welcome this volume for a Christmas gift.

My Host, the Enemy, and Other Tales. By Franklin Welles Calkins. Fleming H. Revell Co. Price \$1.50.

This volume is written out of the experience of a boyhood spent in the upper Missouri country and ten years of after life as plainsman and mountaineer. Actual adventure is here narrated in most cases, and in others there is good reason for believing the stories to be based upon real occurrences. They are well told—all of them—and have a good healthy interest. Tales of imminent danger to life and limb, they yet are free from a sensational tone, and we note also that the bad language which too often mars a Western story of adventure is happily missing

herein. This and other admirable features render the book a good one for boys and we do not question its reception by them, for what boy does not love stories of escapes from wild animals and Indians and even wilder white men? The illustrations are effective and really illustrate.

LITERARY NOTES.

Under the suggestive title of "The Imp and the Angel," the Scribners will soon publish a book by Josephine Dodge Daskam that adds a character to the world of juvenile fiction.

Boys who delight in stories of sea fights and naval adventures—and what boy does not—will find in "Sea Kings and Naval Heroes" (Henry Altemus Co.) singularly realistic descriptions of famous victories and exploits on the broad bosom of old ocean.

A practical book, which almost every family will find invaluable, is entitled "First Principles of Nursing." It is written by Anne R. Manning, a graduate of the City Hospital of the Quincy (Mass.) Training School, and is indispensable in cases of emergency, or during long periods of sickness where a trained nurse is not employed.

We are to get another volume of essays written by Max Muller during the closing years of his life. It treats of Buddhism, of "the alleged sojourn of Christ in India," of religions in China and of many like subjects. In one essay Max Muller tells us "Why I Am Not an Agnostic," and in another he asks "Is Man Immortal?" The book will be published by Longmans, Green & Co.

"The True Story of Captain John Smith," by Katharine Pearson Woods, will be published shortly by Doubleday, Page & Co., with a valuable and interesting array of maps, portraits, facsimiles, etc. The material of the work is drawn from historical sources on both sides of the Atlantic, and new facts of importance have been brought to light. New light is thrown upon the character of Pocahontas and her relations to Smith.

The Macmillan Company will soon publish for the University of Chicago Press the first of several series of translations and transliterations of "Ancient Records," which are to be published in the near future under the general editorship of President Wm. R. Harper. The first will be the "Ancient Records of Babylonia and Assyria," including all the Babylonian and Assyrian historical inscriptions, arranged in chronological order, which have been published up to this time. This series will consist of six volumes of 200-250 pages each.

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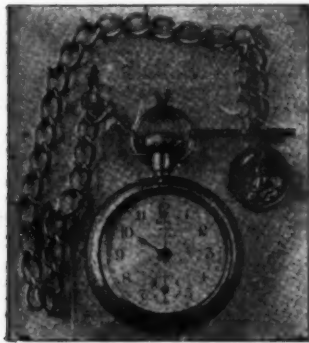
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